THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

October, 1802.

MRS. SIDDONS.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

MRS. Siddons, the eldest daughter of Mr. R. Kemble, was born in Lancashire.- She first became a candidate for public favor, under her father's management, as a singer; but soon abandoned that line, and attempted tragedy. Early in life, having conceived a passion for Mr. Siddons, in which not being indulged by her parents, she quitted the stage, and engaged herself as lady's maid in the family of Mrs. Greathead, at Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, where she remained about a year; and quitted her situation to be united to Mr. Siddons; after which they performed at Liverpool, Birmingham, and many other provincial theatres.

During Mr. Garrick's time, she appeared at Drury-Lane, but was considered as only a second-rate actress; and being unfortunately placed in an after-piece which did not succeed, the author (who was editor of a newspaper) took every opportunity of injuring her reputation, on which account she quitted the London boards, and accepted an engagement at Bath, where she rapidly improved, and became the heroine of that stage in 1780. Having the good fortune to be patro-

nized by the Duchess of Devonshire, she procured her another engagement at Drury-Lane, at ten pounds per week. On her re-appearance, the theatre was crowded every evening, and her fame fully established by her performance of Isabella in the " Fatal Marriage." The manager, far from proving ungrateful, generously gave Mrs. Siddons an increase of salary, with an extra benefit, on which night the receipt of the theatre was enormous. The two counsellors, Pigot and Fielding, were so delighted with her performance, that they collected a subscription among the gentlemen of the law, amounting to one hundred guineas, and presented them to her, accompanied with a polite letter, as a token of their esteem and approbation.

In the summer of 1784 she performed at Dublin; and the manager made his boast of the enormous sum of one thousand pounds which he had secured to her for so many nights. During the following winter she performed, for the first time, " *by command of their Majesties;*" and the succeeding season took a second trip to Ireland; and also visited Edinburgh; at both of which places she not only received great salaries, but a number of very considerable presents.

Their Majesties have paid her particular attention. Her talent in reciting dramatic works had been so highly spoken of, that she was frequently invited to Buckingham House, where she, and her brothers, read plays for the amusement of the Royal Family.

Mrs. Siddons is majestic in her person, has a striking countenance, and a fine voice; and the judgment with which she modulates the latter is not to be excelled; nor was it ever equalled by any other actress. She possesses that art of speaking for which Mrs. Yates was so justly admired, combined with that empassioned style of Mrs. Crawford while in her meridian; and in private life is admired as a truly amiable and exemplary wife and mother.

The

The Misfortunes which attend the Indulgence of youthful Passions, and the Cruelty of a Parent in becoming indifferent to the Happiness of his Child, exemplified in the History of Mr. H's Family, extracted from a Work which is generally admired.*

FEW circumstances can be more distressing to the feelings of a parent, than that of a child's forming an attachment which their reason disapproves; yet the authority invested by the hands of nature, does not extend so far as to deprive him of the object whom he loves. Though the affections may frequently be influenced by *persuasion*, the heart will seldom submit to *constraint;* and many children have rebelled against the wishes of their parents, from seeing them more anxious to augment the splendor of their fortunes, than solicitous to ensure the permanence of their peace.

Doctor Render, in his interesting tour through Germany, gives an affecting account of a young man who was hurried into the marriage state by the *threats* which his father used to prevent it, when *gentleness*, or *persuasion*, might have averted his fate. The story, as related by the author above mentioned, may be considered as a lesson of two different kinds: the youthful it may instruct to curb the dictates of their passions; and the parent it may teach to consult the happiness of his child. Though Mr. H's father was deaf to the voice of nature, and though he could suffer an only son to become an apostate to his faith; yet the time will arrive when conscience will accuse him of having been the destroyer of his child's *temporal* and *eternal* peace! What will then avail the dignities

* The account is an abridgement from Doctor Render, though the principal facts are strictly observed.

of grandeur, or the honors which were conferred by Frederick the Great? Will they be able to allay the voice of that *impressive Monitor*, or applaud him for breaking through the boundaries of the parental state?

"The son of a very opulent Calvinist merchant at Cologne, about twenty-four years of age, fell violently in love with the daughter of a butcher, whose character was highly estimable, though his situation was not great. The father having been made acquainted with the young man's partiality, finding his views were honorable, readily gave his consent, and Mr. H. was of course permitted to visit in the family as the future husband of the butcher's child. His father, however, at length, heard of this attachment; and, instead of mildly reasoning upon the impropriety of indulging a passion for a young woman in an inferior state, ordered him to prepare immediately for a journey which would completely divide him from the object of his affection; and informed him, he was in future to reside with a relation under whose care he was to be placed.

"The young man, petrified at a command so unexpected, implored his father not to doom him to a trial so severe; and, after candidly avowing the strength of his attachment, intreated his father to sanction his choice. Mr. H. was a man of a choloric and violent temper, and a strong adherent to the Calvinist creed; he therefore informed his son, that he must consent to go to Düsseldorf to his relation, or he would immediately deliver him up to a Prussian recruiting officer who resided in the German state; and that he should spend the remainder of his days as a common soldier, in one of the Prussian fortresses, from whence it was impossible he could escape.

"As several men of consequence had inflicted this cruel punishment upon their children, for venturing to deviate from their commands, the young man was convinced that his inexorable father would rigidly ful-

fil

fil the resolution he had made. Shocked at the idea of acting in opposition to a parent, yet unable to separate himself from the object of his choice, he persuaded her father to consent to their union, and at the convent of Augustine friars they were cemented for life.

"After the ceremony, they retired to Deantz, when the young man wrote to his father, imploring him to pardon a fault which affection had inspired; and assuring him that every future action of his life should be guided by his councils, and directed by his desires. Numberless were the penetential epistles, yet not one of the number received a reply; and though his father-in-law allowed him a scanty subsistence, he was wretched at the prospect of his approaching fate! He had not only incurred the displeasure of his father, and reduced himself from an *affluent* to a *dependent* state, but the object of his affection, and the proof of his tenderness, were in some degree the sharers of the misery he sustained. Again he wrote, again his friends interceded; but all their intercessions proved in vain; and the miserable young man, depressed by his misfortunes, flew to the Augustine monks for advice. Anxious to obtain a convert to their bigotted persuasion, they said every thing to enforce the sanctity of their creed; and promised him, if he would embrace their religion, to *compel* his father to rescue him from a state of absolute need.

"The idea of renouncing that religion in which he had been educated, at first struck his mind with a sensation not to be described; but the persuasion of the monks, and the state of his finances, soon reconciled the measure, in some degree, to his mind: but, previous to his taking this step, he wrote to his father, imploring him to merely make him a sufficient allowance to exist; and telling him, that if he continued in the fatal resolution to abandon him, he must abjure his religion, and embrace the Catholic faith; on which condition the monks had promised to obtain a provision for the child of his tenderness, and the wife of his

esteem. To this letter, which appealed to every softer sentiment, the unnatural father sent the following reply; and the ill-fated young man, in a fit of despondency, publicly renounced the Protestant belief.

To Mr. H.

"The vengeance of God has overtaken thee for thy "disobedience to a father whose commands thou hast "scorned, whose feelings disregarded! But why should "I wonder? Thou hast rebelled against thy Maker! "In embracing thy new religion, may nothing but the "image of his wrath appear continually before thy "mind. I from this moment renounce thee for ever "as my son, and God will renounce thee likewise."

"H."

"On perusing this proof of parental cruelty, the unfortunate young man fainted away; and the anguish of his mind acted so forcibly upon his body, that he was confined to his bed for three weeks. During that period the monks never left him, and, upon his recovery, he made a public recantation of his faith. The moment the father was made acquainted with his son's apostacy, he threw himself under the protection of the Prussian Monarch for the security of his estates, knowing that to be the only means of preventing the Augustine friars from taking possession of part of his wealth. The King soon conferred upon him the title of Baron; and the young man's misery is augmented by knowing that his property must descend to a foreign state."

SINGULAR CUSTOMS, and REMARKABLE CURIOSITIES of various Kinds, in several Parts of ENGLAND, pointed out.

TOTTENHAM HIGH-CROSS.

IN the middle of a circular tuft of elms, at the end of *Page Green*, which are called *The Seven Sisters*, there stood many years a walnut-tree, always flourishing, yet never grew bigger nor taller. The seven trees, which go under the denomination of *The Seven Sisters*, are said to have been planted by seven sisters; and one of the trees being crooked, the country people very gravely add this marvellous circumstance: That the female who planted this tree was crooked, though all her sisters were straight; and her obliquity, it seems, communicated itself to the tree which she planted.

There was a very great wood formerly of four hundred acres on and about the hill, on the west side of the parish. In 1596 an alms-house was founded here by one *Zancher*, a Spaniard, the first confectioner ever known in this kingdom.

GOTHAM.

The village of *Gotham*, about seven miles from Nottingham, has been rendered famous by the common proverb of *the wise men of Gotham*. Of the *Gothamites* many ridiculous follies are traditionally told; particularly, that having often heard the cuckow, but never seen her, they hedged in a bush, from whence her note seemed to proceed, that, being confined within so small a compass, they might at length satisfy their curiosity. At a place called Court-Hill, in this parish, there is a bush still called by the name of Cuckow-bush: it lies in the hundred of Rushcliffe, on a rivulet that falls a little below it into the Trent.

STEPNEY

STEPNEY-CHURCH.

On the east side of the portico in this church, leading up to the gallery, is a stone with the following singular inscription upon it:

Of Carthage great I was a stone;
O, mortals, read with pity!
Time consumes all, it spareth none,
Men, mountains, town, nor city:
Therefore, O mortals! all bethink
You, whereunto you must,
Since now such stately buildings
Lie buried in the dust.

It is probable this stone was really brought from Carthage, otherwise this inscription would scarcely be permitted to be there: but it is to be hoped that he who ordered it to be fixed there, did not go to Carthage on purpose to fetch it.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. L.

IT is with no small share of pleasure and satisfaction, that I introduce a new correspondent to my readers. The impression which her merits have made on my own mind, from a careful perusal of her simple and interesting history, is, I trust, an earnest of that gratification which others will receive from her artless tale. To pourtray great events, and extraordinary qualities, may ennoble the pen of the writer, and rouze the attention of the public; but the heart will most effectually be improved, and the understanding enlightened, by tracing the progress of private life through its difficulties, its duties, its pains, and its enjoyments. To enter into scenes and situations, of which we can form no possible idea, except through the medium of description, is the most infallible means of encreasing our general knowledge, and of teaching us to sympathize one with another. We are born to different fortunes; we are frequently called upon to act a part in a drama

drama which we never expected to see; the happiest have much to suffer, the most wretched are seldom without some portion of consolation; and therefore, the more we contemplate the mental condition in all its aspects, and revolve in our minds the vicissitudes of life, the better shall we be prepared for supporting with becoming grace, the smiles of prosperity, or the frowns of adversity.

"MADAM,

"The freedom with which you suffer yourself to be addressed, and the prompt attention you pay to your correspondents, at once convince me of the liberality of your mind, and the obligingness of your disposition. This emboldens me to lay myself open to your view, in hopes that my brief history may operate, either as an encouragement, or an example, to those who are similarly circumstanced; and in the wide range of your readers, thousands feel, or have felt, the same difficulties I have had to contend with, and perhaps have been less fortunate in the application of means to obviate them. "The short and simple annals of the poor," though they may fail to interest such as are elevated by rank, or blessed with affluence, are nevertheless frequently as well worthy of being recorded, as they are useful to be read. The art of living on a little, and making that little satisfy, is a science not to be despised. To teach others how to gain and preserve the respect of their superiors, to lay down a few plain maxims by which humble poverty may be superlatively happy, is a task of which virtue need not be ashamed, nor knowledge blush.

But to finish this preamble, know that I was the only daughter of a little farmer, whose rent did not exceed fifty pounds per annum; and who, to gain a livelihood, of course, was obliged to train up his child to that patient labor of which he set a constant example himself. My mother was thrifty and diligent, and managed the affairs of the family with consummate prudence. It was a maxim with her, never to overlook

look small expences, nor small savings; never to lay out money, till some articles of dress or furniture was actually wanted, and then to pay for it at the moment. A tradesman's bill would have almost thrown her into hysterics: she loved independence; and she knew that it could be secured only by avoiding idle expences, and keeping from running into debt. Under such a mother, I early imbibed principles of œconomy and management, which I have since found to be of the most essential service to me in life. Yet, though frugality presided at our board, and regulated all our transactions, it was prudence, not parsimony or avarice, that dictated this conduct. The unfortunate never went from our door without relief; and age and sickness received every alleviation that our humble means would allow.

My education, as far as learning was concerned, of necessity, was circumscribed; yet neither my person nor my mind were wholly neglected. After attending to the business of our little dairy, and other duties arising out of our occupations in life, my mother used to teach me to read; and when my father could find a spare hour, he gave me a lesson, as well as he was able, in writing and arithmetic. By degrees I contracted a strong taste for books; but, from our slender finances, and the disadvantages of a country situation, that could seldom be gratified. Indeed, except a few religious books, which ought to find a place in every sober and christian family, I was a long time before I knew authors or their works even by name. As my understanding, however, began to gain strength, I discovered in old newspapers, which occasionally wrapped up articles we purchased at the shops, that books of every character and description were daily and hourly issuing from the press; and by saving some trivial perquisites which were allowed me, to encourage assiduity, I at last ventured to order a few volumes; ill selected, it must be confessed; but which whetted my desire to procure more of a better stamp.

My

My parents seeing my attachment to reading, and perceiving that I never suffered it to interrupt my business, encouraged my taste as much as lay in their power; and by the time I was eighteen, I was mistress of nearly fifty books of different sizes and prices, and on almost as many subjects.

About this period, a young man, a distant relation of our family, who had for some few years been a merchant's clerk in London, finding his health beginning to decline, was advised to try country air; and as our's was judged a favorable situation, on mentioning his case, he received an invitation to visit us, and to partake of the best accommodations in our power to command. Till now I had scarcely ever seen a man dressed in the London mode; and when he made his appearance among us, I confess I weakly and vainly wished that I might be able to dress in a stile more corresponding to that of our guest, lest he should feel ashamed to be seen in my company at church, or any public meeting.

Vanity, alas! will cleave to the best of our sex; and in youth, Madam, I am sure you will allow it is in some measure venial. To make short, I decorated myself in the smartest manner which circumstances would permit; and I had the satisfaction to find that cousin Mary, as he called me, was his greatest favorite in the family. Ignorant, however, of the world, there were few common subjects of conversation between us. I could only blush when he complimented me, and curtsey when he shewed me any civility. By degrees I assumed a little more composure in his presence, and sometimes ventured to talk of the few books I had read, and to enquire concerning others. He informed me that in London were circulating libraries; and promised, on his return, to hire for my use, some books which I had long ardently wished to read. He descanted on plays, of which I had hitherto no idea· talked of Astley's, Sadler's Wells, and Vauxhall, till I began to imagine that London must be the terrestrial paradise,

paradise, and that pleasure, and amusement, and happiness, must of necessity there fill up every hour with enjoyment. If I have since found that good and ill are equally mixed in every situation, that the bustle of business, and the parade of fashion, the charms of varied amusement, and the intoxications of dissipation, can neither soothe the distempered mind, nor stop the throb of pain, it is only a natural consequence of more mature knowledge, and more extensive observation. Youth is the season of gay dreams and delusive appearances: it is the early period of life in which painful reflection does not dash the cup of present enjoyment; and stern must be that moralist, who would blame its innocent sallies of imagination, or wish to shorten their reign!

In a few weeks, which seemed to fly over my head with the rapidity of lightning, I began to perceive a new sensation in my breast. I felt that the company of my London cousin was too agreeable to me to be lost without a struggle; and as his health and engagements both allowed, and required, that he should revisit the vast metropolis, which I too sighed to see, the day of separation was at last fixed, and I anticipated it with a degree of pain which I had never experienced before. On his part, by many oblique hints, fair looks, and endearing expressions, he evinced that I was not indifferent to him; and when he was about to take leave, with an empassioned tone, he begged that I would do him the favor to correspond with him. I observed, that my situation precluded me from having any thing to say which would be worth his attention; but he silenced me by declaring, that to hear I was well and happy, would ever to him be the most agreeable information; and to see me again, would be his sweetest hope. The blush of virgin modesty suffused my face to hear sounds so grateful to my ears; my knees trembled, my heart palpitated; and in this condition we bade each other adieu.

(To be continued.) THE

THE MAN OF INTEGRITY.

A NOVEL.

CHAPTER IV.

Female Correspondence—More Weddings—
The generous Lover—and the Father's Injunction.

ELIZA was received by her father and friends with sincere joy; and within two months after her return, she had the pleasure to attend her friend Emma to the altar; a pleasure not unmixed with pain, as it was necessary for Herbert to reside some time in London for improvement; and his family then were anxious to see him and his newly made bride; and the separation was most unpleasing to the constant friends. Of the transactions of the subsequent three years, the following letters give a circumstantial detail.

MRS. HERBERT TO MISS FRANKLIN.

"*London, September*, 93.

"MY DEAR ELIZA,

"You express such ludicrous concern that I have not yet called upon you to fulfil your promise of standing sponsor to my first babe, that I cannot but join in the mirth against myself; though, indeed, were I to enter into every particular of my situation, you would agree with me, that I have no reason to wish for such an event. During the eighteen months of my marriage with my dear Herbert, I have had no cause to repent the early choice of my heart; but our want of an eligible establishment must in some degree exclude our desire of augmenting inconveniencies, which a little time will, I trust, remove, as Percival has now every prospect of success in his profession. His family, with whom I am now residing, are kind, very kind, to me; but they are parsimonious to a degree, and totally dissimilar in disposition from my husband. Theo-

dore is now in town; he visits me often, and I feel a very warm friendship for his amiable wife. She has a great deal of animation, and in her manner is not unlike Harriet; though the exuberance of her vivacity is more under the control of her judgment. She speaks with enthusiasm of her brother: I have endeavored frequently to draw her into conversation about Warren's rural charmer, but she generally evades the subject with address; and my brother tells me that he believes they are not very warmly attached, which has been the occasion of some little disagreement between his wife and Warren; so that it is impossible for me to give you much satisfactory intelligence concerning this important matter. Indeed, Eliza, with all your assumed gaiety, it is easy to distinguish that your mind is not at ease. Why will you encourage this unhappy partiality? Believe me I do not wish to wound your pride, when I say it is obvious Warren thinks of you only as a friend; why, then, should you give way to a weakness so destructive to your peace and the happiness of your friends? At Merlin's, the other morning, I met Lady Torpid: she distinguished me with great cordiality, and has insisted on our renewing our former intimacy. Her person, I am sorry to say, is strangely altered: she looks emaciated and languid; and the brilliant tints of nature, which once adorned her, have given place to the more dazzling shew of rouge and pearl powder. She was accompanied by a Colonel Midgely; and I felt some degree of pain at the degree of familiarity with which they treated each other. He frequently addressed her Ladyship with the appellation of his "Charming Angel!" which she as repeatedly retorted with "Provoking Devil!" Really, Eliza, the levity of her manners seems increased. I enquired for Sir Tancred. "The stupid hound! he is drawling about his dressing-room," was the answer. She desired me to tell you, that she has not forgotten you, but positively has no time to write. In truth, her Ladyship seems quite a votary of dissipation. Pray heaven

heaven she may not prove its martyr; for the indolence of her husband leaves her uncontrolable liberty to indulge her natural love of gaiety. This is an unconscionable long letter from a matron; it is enough for boarding-school girls to write sheets of nonsense. My brother Theodore begs his kind remembrance to you; and his lady, with much grace, bids me express her wish for our future acquaintance. Adieu.—Dear Eliza, yours ever,

EMMA HERBERT."

LADY TORPID TO MISS FRANKLIN.

" *London, January,* 93.

" Yes, my dear friend, that I have erred I will confess; and now that my danger is over, like others, I can moralize. Your superior prudence and judgment never excited my envy; and though too volatile to profit by your admonitions, believe me I ever respected your principles. You know that my union with Sir Tancred was not a matter of affection; neither are you, perhaps, aware that, after marriage, I felt that sentiment in its full force, and expected it returned with ardor. How, then, was I disappointed by the apathy which Torpid seemed to regard me after a few weeks! The heart of women is calculated for domestic endearment, unless early warped by depravity, which I trust was not the case with mine. Piqued, irritated, I determined to rouse him from his inattention; and though the means I took were unjustifiable, they answered the intended purpose. Sir Tancred has awaked from his lethargy. He loves me as I would wish him to love me; but the trial had nearly cost me a dear sacrifice. To the exertions and friendly interference of Mr. Warren do I owe my present happiness. The Colonel, though the most plausible, insinuating of his sex, would have stood little chance when put in competition with Sir Tancred: but he is a man of intrigue, and would not have scrupled to lead me to the commission of impropriety, of which

the appearance only was too destructive to my fame. Enraged by the apprehension of my infidelity, Torpid insisted on a separation; and for some weeks I was the most wretched of women. Sir Tancred would not hear my vindication; and what embittered my sufferings the more, was my finding that his pride was not so deeply wounded as his affections. It was then I felt deeply my own imprudence; and, in the anguish of my mind, wrote to Warren. He hastened to town, and for some time vainly attempted to dissuade Sir Tancred from his cruel intention. His rhetoric and my tears prevailed. Torpid was convinced of my innocence, and rectitude of intention; and his entire confidence seems restored. The Colonel, much to my satisfaction, quitted town, to avoid any further investigation; and the exertion has been so beneficial to Sir Tancred, that he is quite a new being; and to complete the happy reconciliation, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is likely soon to become a father; an event which I doubt not will confirm me in my prudent resolves. I must not omit some further intelligence, which I much fear will not afford you so great satisfaction as the preceding. Warren was last week married to his rural belle, to whom I was formally introduced. She seems to me the most insipid piece of still life I ever beheld; and as she appears to be excessively attached to him, I should suppose he will never be in the same danger as poor Sir Tancred has been threatened with. Warren has taken his bride to his living in Somersetshire, where he intends to keep her quite secluded. He is much altered, looks very pale; and though more gay than usual, I cannot but think his cheerfulness forced. I think you liked him once, Eliza; but I suppose my next letter may be directed to Mrs. Howard. How is that dear, quiet soul? I think he should have been matched to Mrs. Warren; they would have made excellent parlour furniture. Excuse my raillery; I mean not to offend; my gaiety now proceeds not from the lightness of the

head,

head, but the cheerfulness of the heart; for I am truly your very affectionate and happy friend,

H. TORPID."

THE REV. H. WARREN TO SIR TANCRED TORPID.

"*February*, 93.

"I congratulate you, my dear friend, on your return to society; and firmly hope you will persevere in your laudable intention, of becoming both an useful and ornamental member, while I cannot sufficiently admire the address and spirit with which Lady Torpid has brought about such a wonderful change. Though I once trembled for her happiness and your honor; that secured, I can be gay on the subject; and now, Sir Tancred, be persuaded that becoming attention, and affectionate respect, is the most certain way to keep a wife true. I do not attempt to vindicate the lady; but I make every allowance for her personal advantages, education, and early habits. You raised her to rank and affluence: her head, already giddy with variety, could scarcely bear the exaltation; and she would have tottered on the brink of ruin, without consciousness of danger, till one hasty step had plunged her into the abyss of destruction. Your timely exertion has saved her; and henceforward, my friend, let not your vigilance sleep. Gratitude and affection on her side add weight to your influence as a husband; and with these advantages, what happiness may not be yours! I am unavoidably obliged to decline your kind invitation. Mrs. Warren suffers under a weak state of health; her constitution is not less delicate than her form; and the weakness of her nerves is excessive. The tumult of London would destroy her: nor can I leave her in this state, even to witness your happy re-union. That it may be permanent is the most fervent wish of your faithful friend,

HENRY WARREN."

"I would advise you to cultivate the intimacy between your lady and Miss Franklin. She is a girl of excellent understanding, and possessed of the most amiable disposition; her society cannot but improve any of her sex; and had I not previously known the dear angel to whom I am united, I think Eliza Franklin would have been the arbitress of my destiny. My Louisa is impatient to be introduced to her; and, indeed, I think she would, if possible, improve her; but it is an event I cannot immediately bring about. Upon the whole, I think we had better leave it to time and chance: we are but indifferent managers for ourselves here. Remember me to *your* lady.

H. W."

MISS FRANKLIN TO MRS. HERBERT.

"*Exeter, June*, 94.

"Still trifling with Howard?" you say. Ah, Emma, is not that unjust? I own, the more importunate he becomes, the more unaccountably I shrink from his advances: yet I am convinced I have wholly conquered my latent weakness. Warren is married, and heaven forbid I should breathe a sigh, a wish inimical to honor and virtue. Yet I cannot persuade myself, that I should do right by marrying Howard. I feel I cannot return his affection as I would wish, and with such a conviction, sure it would be the height of injustice towards him to become his wife. He knows my sentiments, yet will persist; and my father seems to feel no other wish. Alas! his health seems gradually declining. Should I lose him, Emma—Dreadful thought. My heart is unusually depressed. Advise me, my friend; comfort me.

ELIZA FRANKLIN."

TO MISS FRANKLIN, FROM MRS. HERBERT.

"*July*, 94.

"Childish Eliza, to ask advice you will not take; to cherish a thousand idle fancies, which judgment cannot

cannot fail to condemn. Did I ever think this reproach could with justice be addressed to you! no; but Eliza is altered, grown capricious, selfish, and obstinate; trifles with the feelings of those who love her, and even refuses to gratify the discreet wish of a fond father, through a chimerical notion of justice. Howard loves you; he is content to take you with the chance of your heart *in future*; how then can you injure him? You do not deceive him with false professions, you respect and esteem him. Your heart is virtuous; you will not dishonor him; you will fulfil your sacred duties with satisfaction to him; and those duties will soon become pleasures. He will have a thousand opportunities of endearing himself to you by nameless tender attentions. Your heart is not insensible; you will feel his worth, you will reward his affection. Call not this an enthusiastic picture, Eliza, 'tis drawn from life by the hand of reason; realize it, and be happy. Ever yours,

EMMA HERBERT."

MISS FRANKLIN TO MRS. HERBERT.

"*July*, 94.

"Your last letter was harsh, but I cannot now dwell on that subject. Ah, Emma, I too truly conjectured that my father would soon be torn from me. Since I wrote to you last, he seemed gradually to get worse; and it was not difficult to perceive that he laboured under some secret uneasiness. Yesterday he called me to him; he took my hand between his, and sighed deeply. Mrs. Rochford was in the room; he requested her to withdraw. "Eliza," said he at length, "the approaching hour of my dissolution would find me without a wish for the world, could I but be persuaded of the happiness of my child; for that only I have a thousand apprehensions. To leave her poor, unprotected, I cannot bear the thought." "Why this depression, my dear father?" said I cheerfully. "I hope the melancholy hour you speak of is far, very far distant. Besides, my dear Sir, we have a competen-

cy, and friends who will never see us wronged." He shook his head mournfully. "No, Eliza, we have but one truly disinterested friend, and that is Howard. Oh, my love, think what anguish I feel to tell you that the banker in whose hands our little fortune rested, has failed; and should I die, I must leave my child pennyless. I know my brother's heart would prompt him to do you justice, but he is under the influence of a mercenary family; and my Eliza would find no resource where she might most expect it. Howard knows the extent of our loss; his affection has suffered no abatement; and he declares it would be his pride and glory to make you his wife. Need I add, Eliza, how this wish clings to my heart? To leave my child in such hands would be comfort indeed." I endeavored to point out to my father the mercenary look it would have to accept Mr. Howard under such circumstances. "Eliza," said he gravely, "at an hour like this, I can allow for no fastidiousness. You have been long engaged to Howard; his friends object not to the union: he never thought your small fortune a matter of concern; and this new proof of his generosity entitles him to your confidence. Why then trifle with a man who professes for you the most honorable attachment? I never thought my Eliza guilty of romantic weakness." I answered him only by my tears; my heart was too full to speak, and that was no time to unfold its secret thoughts. He sent for Howard; their united importunities left me no alternative. My father joined our hands. Emma, I can write no more; a sickness comes over me. I will go to my father's bed-side; his benignant smile will settle every pang.

ELIZA FRANKLIN."

MR. HOWARD TO MRS. HERBERT.

"DEAR MADAM, *September*, 94.

"I address you by the desire of your friend, to inform you that the melancholy event anticipated in her last has taken place. The worthy Dr. Franklin yesterday breathed

breathed his last in the arms of his affectionate, afflicted daughter. I need not describe her grief to you; her filial piety has long been known to you, a virtue most amiable in your sex; and though I cannot but deplore the loss of my excellent friend, I feel a mitigation of sorrow in the blessing he has left me. Having obtained the consent of my dear Eliza to be mine as soon as the melancholy duties are performed, a request which was urged by her father in his last moments, I would wish to draw her awhile from a spot where it is not likely she can feel other than sorrowful reflections; and knowing that your presence will yield her the greatest satisfaction, I have prevailed on her to let our marriage take place in London. I will, therefore, trouble Mr. Herbert to get us a furnished house for the season, such as he thinks will suit.—I leave the terms to himself.

I remain, dear Madam,
Yours, &c.
H. HOWARD."

A suitable time being dedicated to the memory of her father, though not so long a period as Eliza would have wished, she set out for London, accompanied by Howard and Mrs. Rochford, whom she still retained to act in the capacity of housekeeper. The marriage ceremony was performed soon after their arrival, and Eliza supported herself with more firmness than Emma expected. The congratulatory visits paid by her friends at first amused her; and, after a while, she regained a tolerable degree of cheerfulness.

(To be continued.)

BRIEF

BRIEF REFLECTIONS,

Occasioned by the recent Death of a most affectionate BROTHER.

Unhappy he who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
And dying, all he can resign is breath.

THOMSON.

THAT "it is appointed for all men once to die," is a truth rendered incontrovertible by the experience of every age; and it is no less certain, that the time when this great change shall take place, is known only to the all-wise Disposer of events.

Like crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

COWPER.

Of all the troubles and afflictions to which we are liable in this world, there are none of a more poignant nature than those occasioned by *death*. The undoubted certainty of every individual being destined to pay this great debt to nature, may perhaps enable us to *resolve* to bear its effects with due fortitude; but, when put to the test, does not the weakness of our resolutions invariably appear? *Reason*, indeed, must convince us that, under every dispensation of Providence, it is our duty to submit with resignation; but the salutary dictates of reason are not—cannot be always listened to in the hour of distress: and although it be the most criminal presumption in man to repine at what the Almighty sees fit to inflict, yet, that person may justly be considered callous to the common feelings of humanity, who can, without the most painful emotion, see himself bereaved for ever of a beloved relation, or an affectionate

tionate friend. When, however, we are visited with such afflictions, it may be remarked, that they are generally attended with circumstances calculated to afford support and consolation under them. Without this support, indeed, vain would the suggestions of philosophy be found; and not only they, but even the more powerful considerations which religion affords, would frequently prove insufficient to enable us to evince a becoming resignation to the will of God.

The writer of these observations has, alas! repeatedly experienced the truth of them, but particularly on a late melancholy occasion. The West-India climate, which has brought so many of our countrymen to an early grave, has deprived her of one of the best of brothers. Often has the contemplation of the danger to which they expose themselves who risk their lives in that fatal country, led her in some degree to prepare herself for the event which has happened; but when the shock came, it proved too powerful for her feeble resolutions to withstand: she could not so far overcome her feelings, as not at first to give way to grief. No sooner, however, had calm reflection succeeded the painful emotions of sorrow, than she saw great cause to admire the goodness of God, whose characteristic it is, always in the midst of judgment to remember mercy. Even the letter which announced the doleful tidings, communicated some circumstances attending the death of her brother, which were of a very consolatory nature to all his relatives. Yes! it could not but materially alleviate our grief, to hear of the christian fortitude and resignation which he displayed on his death-bed, and which proceeded from his being enabled to look forward to his approaching dissolution, with the confident hope of a glorious immortality. Could any thing, indeed, under such circumstances, be more pleasing, or better calculated to comfort us, than to have thus afforded us good reason to trust, that he whom we lamented, had only been removed from a vain and a wicked world, for the purpose of enjoying that

that eternal happiness procured for him by the blood of a crucified Redeemer?

When we are at any time visited by an affliction similar to that before-mentioned, this last consideration alone *ought* to make us cease to mourn; it ought to make us submit with resignation to the will of God; and considering our separation as only for a season, it ought to make us patiently wait for the time when we also shall be called hence, never again to part from those whom we held dear on earth.

It is to *Religion* we ought to flee for refuge under every dispensation of Providence, as, without her aid, the maxims of the world, and the wisest conclusions of human philosophy, must invariably be found, in the end, vain and inefficacious. Religion indeed demonstrates, that we cannot *of ourselves* even do those things which we have a thorough conviction that it is our duty and our interest to perform; but she at the same time encourages us to supplicate that divine assistance which doubtless will never be with-held from any one who sincerely asks it, and which alone can teach us a due submission to God's will.

But resignation is not all that Christianity requires of us; for as "affliction cometh not forth of the dust," we ought to consider that our present sufferings may be intended by God for some good end to us. Indeed, we are expressly told that it is so; that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" and that he "maketh all things work together for good to them that love him." And we know further, that God even saw fit, "in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings." Such being the case, let us not repine at being bereaved of a beloved relative or friend; let us rather pray that our affliction may be sanctified to us; that, seeing "here we have no continuing city," we may be led to "seek one to come;" and finally, that we may be enabled from the heart to say, in the words of Job, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

M. ELIZA M^{c} L.

Wick, August, 1802.

ROSEVILLE COTTAGE.

[Conclusion.]

Miss Mary Beauchamp to Sir Charles Beauchamp.

WHY, my dear cousin, are all my letters to be the journals of misery? and why are you, my best of friends, to be the sharer of every new shaft which pierces this unhappy heart? Alas! my dear Charles, I am this hour surrounded with objects that pierce my soul; every eye weeps; on every tongue is affixed the sad seal of woe so unutterable, that I have none to speak to, none to listen to my grief, and compassionate me for a crime of which I am guiltless: and can I write guiltless, yet feel it festering in my heart? But I will relate, as well as my disturbed faculties will permit, this fatal termination of an adventure, which you must recollect having happened some time since.

You remember that young man whom I told you had introduced himself at Roseville Cottage when we lived in it, under the plea of a trifling excuse? his name was St. Julian; his person fine, and his manners as polished as his person. My mother, my aunt, and myself, esteemed him highly; for we soon saw that he was unhappy. We had drank sufficiently of this bitter draught annexed to human nature, to foster with the care of sisters, this amiable victim of sorrow.

He became a constant visitor at the cottage. Alas! I found him too amiable a one! The moment I discovered the tendency of a tenderness which had slept in my bosom for near four years, I opened my danger to my family, and, during a short absence of St. Julian, we fled. You recollect, that we then took refuge with you, and remained concealed in peaceful solitude at your sweet little lodge on the banks of Windermere.

It was there, dear Charles, that I struggled with a passion which had already wrought me so much woe. I recalled to my mind the graces of Sir Francis Vil-

liers; I embodied them before me: I drew from the long-closed recesses of my heart, his image, decked in all the fascinations of genius, all the intoxicating enchantments of an hypocrisy deep as it was dangerous. I remembered his vows of tenderness: I remembered how he haunted my steps until I selected him from the many lovers which the world's too great partiality to a beauty of but moderate extent had attracted round me. I told Sir Francis that I loved him. From that hour my attachment to him, and his indifference to me, were the public talk. His vanity had gained its conquest: he wanted to be the possessor of a heart for which hundreds had contended: but that was all. He deserted my company; and from being the idol of the men, and the envy of the women, I became the aim for the finger of scorn to point at. I fled to the humble roof of Roseville Cottage, and beneath its lonely shed sheltered my injured heart, and insulted innocence, from the proud eye of triumphant malice.

A short conflict put an end to Sir Francis's empire in my bosom. His villainy blotted out the memory of his graces; and I had been four years in this tranquil seclusion, when my evil stars sent the luckless St. Julian again to awaken my soul to love and wretchedness.

Terrified at the appearance of a passion from which I had suffered so much, you know that I sought safety in flight. I sought, but did not find: like the wounded deer, I carried away the barb in my side, which neither skill could extract, nor time heal.

Think then, my beloved cousin, what were my emotions, when, in a journey up to town, to settle some business with my mother's solicitor, relative to our Scotch estates, the horses of my carriage took fright, and were stopped in their fearful career by St. Julian himself? Fatal accident! fatal moment for my peace! That gallant action has robbed me of all that was most estimable on earth, has robbed me of himself!

Sunk

Sunk in melancholy and languid sickness, as I learnt he had ever been since my departure, this sudden exertion occasioned a rupture in his lungs, which no human power could stop. Since that dreadful hour in which I saw him extended almost in the paroxysms of death, calling upon my name, I have never been from his couch side. Day and night, accompanied by his friend Ponsonby, who is now like a maniac with grief, I have bathed his hand with my tears, imploring him to live for the wretched Mary. Alas! Alas! How can I, how dare I, recount the last tremendous scene which tore him from me, and left a blank in the world! O, Charles, to see those beloved eyes, from which I have so often imbibed tenderness and bliss, to see them close on me! Gracious powers of mercy, have compassion on me!—It was too much. I yet feel his hand as it was grasped in mine:—I yet hear the last sigh that heaved a bosom, on which every manly grace had been enthroned. When his soul was fled—when that beautiful form lay a mass of inanimate clay, insensible to all my embraces, my cries, my misery—I implored the grave to swallow me.—I would have given worlds to have died! Charles, my dear Charles! tell me, do you think I shall ever know peace more? will this fatal scene be ever before my eyes? I cannot stand it long. The mute grief of his aunt, the frantic wildness of his friend's looks—they all disturb my soul. Come to me! fly, my dear cousin, if you would save my fevered senses. O take me away; take me from myself, if it is possible. Carry me once more to Windermere. Perhaps, the presence of my mother, and the duty and love which I owe to that best of women, may reconcile me to a life that is now a dreary void.

I repeat, Come to me, Charles: and whilst you carry along with you the poor distracted Mary, contemplate the wreck of all that beauty which once charmed the hearts of hundreds, and remember that it was destroyed by love. Remember that these pale cheeks,

haggard eyes, and emaciated form, are the miserable relics left by a passion as cruel as despotic; a passion that is the poisoner, when not the open enemy of existence! Alas! I am his victim—I find his shaft with that of Death's trembling in my heart. Love had drank its purest, best blood—yet there remains enough for the general despoiler of mankind. I shall gladly lay my weary head on his cold pillow, and consign it to rest. When I die, let me be placed in the same grave with St. Julian. There will we sleep in blameless purity, till the last peal from the angelic power of slumbering nature calls us to life and bliss eternal. This hope shall console me till this vale of sorrow is shut in from your afflicted friend,

MARY BEAUCHAMP.

Roseville Cottage.

REMARKS

Upon the FORTITUDE under AFFLICTION which different FEMALE CHARACTERS have displayed; and a particular Instance exemplified in the Conduct of MADAME LAVERGNE.

THOUGH the female character has been thought incapable of encountering calamity, or giving any convincing proofs of magnanimity of mind, yet *affection* is often known to inspire an artificial kind of courage, that could not be exceeded by the most heroic of mankind.

Amidst the various proofs of female fortitude which different biographers have described, we are particularly struck with those which the Roman historians relate. We weep over the sufferings of the amiable Eponia, and we tremble at the recollection of the attached

tached Arria's fate! yet, for testimonies of conjugal love and magnanimity, we need not search into the *remote* historic page; for the revolutionary horrors committed in a neighbouring country, prove that they never existed in more perfection than in the present age. Who can peruse M. Du Broca's account of the cruelties which were inflicted, with a mind unagitated, or a heart unmoved? or who can read a description of Madame Lavergne's exertions to preserve the life of an aged husband, without acknowledging that it is not possible to find a stronger instance of conjugal tenderness and love? That passion, which it has been said requires *similarity* of *years* to sustain it, existed in the greatest purity from *similarity* of *mind*; and we find a beautiful young woman, endowed with every attraction, resolving to sacrifice existence, when she found she could not preserve her husband's life.

The History of the lovely but unfortunate Madame Lavergne, Wife of the Governor of the Fort of Longwy, in the Department of Moselle. Taken from M. Du Broca's Anecdotes of the conspicuous Female Characters who suffered from the Revolution in France.

"The beautiful and accomplished Madame Lavergne had been married but a short time to M. Lavergne, Governor of Longwy, when that town surrendered to the Prussians; but in two months afterwards was retaken by the French, and the Governor arrested, and sent prisoner to Paris, without being permitted to enjoy the society of his amiable wife. Though M. Lavergne was at that time upwards of sixty, and Madame had scarcely attained a third of that age, yet the sweetness of his disposition, and the superiority of his abilities, had excited in her bosom the liveliest tenderness and esteem; and she determined not only to follow him to the capital, but to exert every faculty she possessed to obtain the preservation of his life.

"That dreadful epocha of the Revolution had already arrived, when the scaffold was daily reeking with the blood of those victims whom savage cruelty had unjustly slain, and M. Lavergne hourly expected his would augment the sanguinary stream! The horrors of a prison, and the damps of a dungeon, soon produced the most alarming effects upon his health; yet his amiable wife considered it as a fortunate circumstance, conceiving they would not bring him to trial in so debilitated a state. A perilous disease, she imagined, would prove a *present safeguard*, and time and exertion bring the wished-for relief! Vain expectation; his name appeared on that *list* from which no appeal could save him, and the ill-fated sufferer was destined to attend!

"Madame Lavergne was no sooner made acquainted with this decision, than she presented herself before the Committee for general safety, with a countenance expressive of the anguish of her feelings, and her eyes streaming with apprehensive tears; demanded that her husband's trial should be delayed until he had regained his faculties by a restoration of health; assuring them he was not in a state to confront his accusers, as disease had impaired his reason as much as his strength.

"Imagine, oh, citizens," said the agonized wife of Lavergne "such an unfortunate being as I have "described, dragged before a tribunal that decides upon "life and death! Whilst reason abandons him, can he "understand the charges alledged against him? Or can "he have power to declare his *innocence*, whose bodily "sufferings are now threatening to terminate his life? "Will you, oh citizens of France, call a man to trial "while in the frenzy of delirium? Will you summon "him who, perhaps, at this moment, is expiring on the "bed of pain, to hear that irrevocable sentence which "admits no medium between liberty and the scaffold? "And if you unite *humanity* and *justice*, can you suffer "an *old man*"—At these words, every eye was turned upon

upon Madame Lavergne, whose youth and beauty, contrasted with the idea of an *aged* and *infirm* husband, gave rise to very different emotions in the breasts of the members of the Committee, from those which she had so eloquently endeavored to inspire; and they interrupted her speech with the most indecent jests, and the coarsest raillery. One of the members, with a scornful smile, assured her, that, young and handsome as she was, it would not be so difficult as she appeared to imagine, to find means of consolation for the loss of a husband, who, in the common course of nature, had completely lived his time. Another of them, equally brutal, and still more ferocious, added, that the fervor with which she pleaded the cause of such a husband, was an unnatural excess; and therefore the Committee could not attend to her petition.

"Horror, indignation, and despair, took possession of the unfortunate Madame Lavergne's soul. She had heard the purest and most exalted affection for one of the worthiest men, condemned and villified as a degrading appetite! She had been wantonly insulted, whilst demanding justice, by the administrators of the law; and she rushed in silence from the presence of these inhuman monsters, to hide the agony that almost burst her heart.

"One ray of hope still rose to cheer the gloom of deep despondency away. *Dumas*, one of the judges of the tribunal, she had known in former times; *him*, therefore, she resolved to seek, and, in spite of the antipathy his present actions had inspired, implore him to let the trial be delayed. In all the agony of increasing apprehension, she threw herself at this inflexible monster's feet, used all the arguments suggested by affection, only to have the fatal hour delayed. Dumas replied coldly, that it did not belong to *him* to grant the favor she solicited; neither should he chuse to make such a request of the tribunal; and then increasing the bitterness of disappointment by the insolence of sarcasm, he inquired whether it was

so

so *great* a *misfortune* to be delivered from a troublesome husband of *sixty*, whose death would leave her at liberty to employ her youthful charms more useful to the state?

"Such a *reiteration of insult* roused the unfortunate wife of Lavergne to desperation. She shrieked with anguish too insupportable to bear; and rising from the posture of supplication, she extended her out-stretched arms to heaven, and, in a phrenzied voice, exclaimed, "Just God! will not the crimes of these atrocious "men awake thy vengeance? Go, monster!" she cried, addressing herself to Dumas, "I no longer "want *thy* aid; no longer will I deign to supplicate "*thy* pity! Away to the tribunal; there will I also "appear: then shall it be known whether *I deserve* the "outrages *thou* and thy base associates have heaped "upon my head!"

"From the presence of the odious Dumas, and with a fixed determination to quit a life that was now become hateful to her, Madame Lavergne repaired to the hall of the tribunal, and mixing with the motley crowd, waited *impatient* for the hour of trial. The barbarous proceedings of the day begin, and the unfortunate Lavergne is called! The jailors convey him thither on a mattrass; and a few trifling questions are proposed, to which with difficulty he replies, when the mock trial closes, and the ill-fated governor is doomed to die!

"Scarcely had the sentence passed the judge's lips, when Madame Lavergne cried, with a loud voice, "*Vive le Roi!*" In vain the surrounding multitude endeavored to prevent the sound; for the more they tried to deaden its extension, the more vehement became her cries; and she continued exclaiming "*Vive le Roi!*" until the guard forced her away.

"So great had been the interest which the distress of this amiable young woman had excited, that she was followed to the place of confinement by a numerous throng, who anxiously endeavored to avert the

fate

fate which awaited her, by an attempt to drown her cries.

"When the public accuser interrogated her upon the motives of her extraordinary conduct, she informed him, she was not actuated either by revenge or despair, but by the loyalty which was rooted in her heart. "*I adore*," said she, "the system that you have de- "stroyed; and I expect no mercy from you, for I am "your enemy. I abhor your republic, and I will per- "sist in the confession I have publicly made as long "as I live."

"To such a declaration no reply was made; but Madame Lavergne's name was instantly added to the suspected list, and in a few minutes she was brought before the tribunal, where she again uttered her own condemnation, and was decreed to die. From that instant the agitation of her spirits subsided; serenity appeared to have re-possessed her mind, and her beautiful countenance announced the peace and comfort of her soul!

"On the day of execution, Madame Lavergne first ascended the fatal cart, and requested to be placed in a position that she might view her husband's face. That unfortunate husband had fallen into a swoon, and lay extended upon a truss of straw without the slightest appearance of life. The motion of the cart had loosened the bosom of his shirt, and exposed his breast to the scorching rays of a vertical sun, which his amiable wife perceiving, intreated the executioner to take a pin from her handkerchief, and unite his shirt. Madame Lavergne's attention was never for one moment directed from the object of her tenderness; and perceiving, by the change of his countenance, that his senses revived, in softened accents, she pronounced his name. At the sound of that voice, whose melody had so long been a stranger to his ears, Lavergne raised his languid eyes, and fixed them on the object of his love, with a look expressive of *alarm* and *tenderness*. "Do not be alarmed," said she; "it was your faithful

"wife

"wife who called. We could not *live*, but we shall "*die* together!" The agitated Lavergne burst into tears of gratitude; and his oppressed heart poured forth its soft sensations into that bosom which shared all its sorrows; and though the tyrants fain would have divided them, 'twas death that joined them in *a better life!*

THE ADVENTURES OF A LADY's LAP-DOG.

[Continued from page 173.]

I HAD often heard it observed, that you should see a young lady at her toilet, to be able to form an idea of the disposition she possessed; and that females in general inherit a kind of Proteus versatility, that is influenced by the *simplicity* or *finery* of their *dress*. This observation, I should suppose, must have been founded upon ill-nature, or a total misapprehension of the character of the sex; for though Miss Worthington's jewels were immensely valuable, they did not seem to produce the slightest effect; and she appeared to feel no more vanity from their possession, than she did at the *superiority* of her own charms.

Notwithstanding the interruption which had been given to the toilet, by the attention which my mistress paid to Mrs. Mansel's tale, yet her person was completely adorned within the time allotted, and the old gentleman had not a single moment to wait. As soon as she returned, and had thrown off her finery, "Thank heaven," said she, "I feel myself once more at ease." Oh what a sacrifice does *Fashion* demand from *Comfort*, when she compels us to be encircled in *unwieldy things* like these!" So saying, she threw the hoop from her, declaring she had never felt half so much fatigued. Just as she was stepping into bed, she recollected the letter which she had promised Mrs. Mansel to write, and slipping on her dressing gown, Jenkins was requested to step into the drawing-room, and

and fetch her up the pen and ink; "for you know," said she, "it is most likely I shall sleep late in the morning; and in that case, perhaps, his Lordship may be engaged."—

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE EARL OF ——

Oh for the pen of a *Smith* or a *Radcliff!* to call forth every portion of that sensibility which resides in your Lordship's breast. Yet, upon reflection, my dear Lord, I trust it will not be necessary to apply to *fiction*, when I know feeling will come to my aid.

Well then, my dear cousin, behold me your petitioner, pleading in the cause of no *imaginary* distress; and conceiving that, from your present exalted situation, I have only to paint the misfortune, to obtain its redress. You have often allowed, my Lord, that men of abilities in the medical profession, are peculiarly estimable in the *army* and *navy* line; and that their pay ought to be proportioned to the services which their country obtains. If these gentlemen, my dear cousin, hazard the destruction of their constitutions, by exposing themselves to those disorders which are incident to change of clime, ought not their *widows* to receive a sufficiency from Government, to procure them, at least, the *necessaries* of life? *Twenty pounds a year*, at the institution of their *pensions*, was equal to *forty* at the present time: and I have this day been requested, by one of these unfortunate females, to implore you to use your influence in endeavoring to get their pensions increased. Could you, my Lord, have beheld this venerable figure, bending under the pressure of *adversity* and *years*, I am persuaded you would feel the highest gratification in being able to lessen part of the weight.

Adieu, my dear Lord,

Believe me, with much sincerity,

Yours most truly,

ELIZA W——.

After

After this proof of active benevolence, my amiable mistress jumped into bed; and I was consigned to the charge of Mrs. Jenkins, in whose room I had slept the preceding night. The next morning, when I entered the breakfast room, I perceived Mr. Worthington and a gentleman in earnest conversation upon political affairs; and, after his departure, he asked my mistress whether she should have any objection to going abroad; adding, that he had just received a very honorable appointment, and should be obliged to leave England in less than a month.

As I had always felt a desire to observe the manners of different countries, I was extremely delighted at the thought of this change; but I soon had the mortification of finding that Mr. Lambert had determined, as soon as his lady was confined, to have me returned. Though I did not seem to constitute any part of the amiable Eliza's happiness, and I was not treated with that kind of attention which many of my race expect, yet I could not bear the thought of leaving a mistress, in whose character I found so much to love and revere. As animals of my species have not the power of following their own inclinations, but are obliged to submit to the will of those by whom they are maintained, in spite of my reluctance to quit the protection of Miss Worthington, Mr. Lambert placed me under that of an old maiden aunt, who was remarkable for the regularity with which she attended religious ceremonies, and a passionate fondness for cats and dogs.

Upon my introduction into the family of Lady Priscilla Pennington, I found her surrounded with about half a dozen of my race, all of whom, upon seeing me enter the apartment, set up a noise so vociferous that it was impossible to hear any person speak. As soon as her Ladyship had suppressed the tumult which my unexpected appearance had produced, Mr. Lambert intreated her to receive me under her protection, until the time that the little stranger arrived, when he declared he would no longer permit me to

become the victim of his wife's caprice. The beauty of my person was a sufficient recommendation for Lady Priscilla to consent to take me under her care; and I soon became so great a favorite with her, that all the other dogs treated me with manifest dislike; and I had the misfortune of finding the situation of a *favorite* continually exposing me to malevolence and spite. I was not only distinguished from all my companions, by being fondled upon her Ladyship's knee; but she even carried me in her arms, when she went to offer her petitions in a public manner to the throne of grace.

About three weeks after I had been under my new mistress's protection, the clergyman of the parish one morning called, to inform her, that the church was in so ruinous a situation, that it was absolutely necessary to have it repaired; and that as her Ladyship was so constant an attendant at her devotion, he requested to know what she would have the generosity to give; adding, that the *names* of those who benevolently contributed to the beautifying the sacred edifice, were to be written under the organ in letters of *gold*.

"Why, to be sure, *that* is very proper, Doctor," replied her Ladyship. "Though *I* never let my *left hand* know what my *right* doeth, yet, in an instance where the house of God is to be beautified, his servants ought to be proud of enrolling their names. How much, my dear Sir, do you think will repair the sacred sanctuary? for every one ought to give in proportion to their means." And upon being informed that four hundred and fifty pounds had been the estimate of the expence attending it, she immediately presented him with a draft for a hundred pounds.

What a fortunate animal I am! thought I, seeing the sum that was presented, to be continually falling under the most benevolent people's care! A *hundred pounds given away* in *one morning!* Oh, what disinterested generosity of mind! It is true, that, previous to this circumstance, I had felt no great partiality to

my new mistress; for I had seen many instances of her conduct that I had thought penuriously mean; but I was now convinced that they had arisen merely from *benevolence*, and that she might be able to devote a larger portion of her income to the relief of the distrest. I had likewise felt disgusted at her method of speaking to her servants, whom I had frequently heard her declare were all a nest of thieves; but this I now attributed to her having been unfortunate in her selection, and lamented that a character so completely amiable should have been so very unlucky in this respect.

As soon as the reverend pastor had taken his departure, she ordered the housekeeper to bring in her monthly bills; and, upon looking at the calculation of them, every feature in an instant became distorted with rage. "What!" she exclaimed in a tone of violence, "*Thirteen shillings more* than it came to last month! Oh, I am robbed! I am cheated! There's a conspiracy amongst you: but I'll find it out, and send every one of you to goal!"

"If you please but, my Lady, only to look at the *articles*," said the alarmed housekeeper, in the most supplicating voice, "and you will perceive that the *skim milk* is yet to be reducted; for, please your Ladyship, poor Peggy has not made it out." "*Not made it out!*" exclaimed my enraged mistress; "then pray, Madam, why did you suffer that neglect? Do you think I will keep a dairy maid who does not give me an account of every *farthing* which *she receives* from the *sale* of MY MILK?"

"Oh to be sure, my Lady, that is very proper: but your Ladyship must know that the poor girl's sister has been dangerously ill; and her children would have been *starved* if it had not been for Peggy, who kept them, as I may say, upon your Ladyship's *skim milk*."

"An *insolent baggage!*" said my still more enraged protectress, "to dare to feed her sister's brats upon the produce of my estates! Is not my income taxed enough

enough to support such a set of wretches, without being plundered by my own servants? But *she* shall *suffer*, at any rate."

"Indeed, my Lady," replied the affrighted housekeeper, "you will not allow me to explain what the poor girl intends; for to-morrow your Ladyship will owe her a quarter's wages, and out of those she wishes to pay for the milk." The moment her Ladyship discovered that she was not to be a loser by the dairy maid's attachment to children, to whom she was by relationship endeared, her countenance brightened, and she began examining every article separately in the housekeeper's bills.

Scarcely was this important business transacted, than her Ladyship's *own* attendant was desired to accompany her in a walk; and, as was the general custom, myself, and her other favorites, were all permitted to have the honor to attend. Though my companions amused themselves with frisking round the plantation, I trudged quietly by Lady Priscilla's side; for so much had I been astonished by the scenes transacted in the morning, that I found myself in a very contemplative frame of mind. We had not proceeded far in our pedestrian excursion, when we were accosted by a soldier, with two infants in his arms, who implored my mistress, for the love of heaven, to give him something to buy them a little milk and bread: "For, Madam," said he, whilst tears corroborated the assertion, "their poor mother is in a neighbouring barn, lying at the point of death!"

"*Starving children*, and *dying mothers!*" replied her Ladyship, "is rather *too old* and *too canting* a *tale*. I suppose you have *hired* those little *impostors;* but such fellows as *you* deserve sending to goal." Then observing her attendant putting her hand in her pocket, she insisted upon her not giving a single mite. In spite of this injunction, I observed that the domestic contrived to slip sixpence into his hand; and it is impossible to say how completely I was disgusted with a woman, whom a few hours before I had applauded and admired.

At the close of her Ladyship's grounds, a small cottage was erected, built entirely in the Italian style, the owner of which happened to be walking in the garden at the moment that my unamiable protectress passed. "A fine day," said she, "Mr. Beverley: but it is impossible to move without being fatigued by the heat." "Will your Ladyship walk in, and take some refreshment?" said the master of the elegant little dwelling, opening the gate.

"*Your hospitality* is *proverbial*," replied my mistress; "and never was more welcome;" appearing almost ready to faint; though the moment before, she had not shown the least symptom either of weariness or fatigue. Two elegant looking girls, dressed with the utmost simplicity, apparently about sixteen or seventeen years of age, immediately came out to meet her Ladyship, and second the invitation which she had just received. The produce of the garden and dairy were spread before their august visitor, with different kinds of cake and wine which they had made, when, just as she was enjoying the benefit of Mr. Beverley's hospitality, Benevolence unexpectedly laid in her claim; for the housekeeper entered, and, after apologizing to her Ladyship, related, in simple language, the soldier's affecting tale.

"Poor unfortunate creature!" exclaimed my mistress, taking from her purse a seven shilling piece. "Do, my worthy Mrs. Johnson, have the goodness to give the ill-fated veteran that trifling piece of gold for me! Well may we say, the prosperous are ignorant of what the sons of Adversity are destined to sustain!"

"Johnson," said Mr. Beverley, "give the poor fellow something to comfort him; and let some milk be boiled for his two little boys: but keep the seven shilling piece until you see whether the story is true which you have heard respecting his wife: if it *is*, let Mr. Simpson be sent immediately to her, and see if a lodging cannot be procured for her at Richard Child's. I beg your Ladyship's pardon," continued he, turning towards

towards my mistress, "for presuming to arrest, for a short time, the bounty you bestowed; but I always make a point of discovering whether the object of my benevolence is *deserving* of it before I permit my charity to flow."

"I applaud your *prudence*, my dear Sir," replied my mistress; "but I have so much of the *milk* of *human kindness* in my *breast*, that the very *appearance* of *misfortune* calls forth my compassion; and my heart absolutely *bleeds* for all those who are distrest! Your precaution, however, my good Sir, is certainly necessary; for we are subject to many *impositions* in this life."

I listened to this specious declamation of her Ladyship's with a sensation of astonishment greater than can be conceived, after having witnessed her behaviour to the poor soldier; it was a refinement of deception which I could not have believed. No longer did I consider myself a *fortunate animal*, in having been placed under Lady Priscilla's care, who, under the appearance of religion and philanthropy, concealed a *selfish* and *unfeeling* heart.

Upon her Ladyship's return, she enquired whether there had been any letters, and was informed, only one, which was delivered into her hands, the sable seal of which announced the mortality either of some relation or friend. "So," said she, "Fidelle," without changing a single feature, "that tyrannical being, your mistress, *is dead:* but if that romantic fellow should ever pretend to claim you, I shall declare you have shared the same fate; for *I am determined* never to part from you; and I shall make all my servants corroborate my tale. Come hither, my sweet creature," continued she, seeing me avoid her; "I fear I have walked too far; and you find yourself fatigued. You are the most beautiful little animal that ever was created, and I would not part with you for a *thousand pounds.*"

(To be continued.)

FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.

OR,

THE EVENTFUL JOURNEY.

A SKETCH.

IT was about seven o'clock in the evening, when the Earl of Anglesford arrived at Fladong's Hotel: He was attended only by his valet Du Frang, and one groom; for his hasty journey to town was a matter of business, not pleasure. "A quelle heure vill mi Lor please to dine?" asked the obsequious Du Frang. "I know not—*I* shall eat none—get what you will," was the Earl's answer, as he paced the room in perturbation. "Mi Lor vill be famished. Mon Dieu! no breakfast! no sandwiche! no dinner! mi Lor will die!" Scarcely able to refrain from laughing at this piteous remonstrance, the Earl replied, "Well, Du Frang, let them bring me some warm wine; and enquire if my steward has been here." Du Frang withdrew. The steward had not been; and Lord Anglesford, when he had taken his wine, sat out on foot for his house, the agitation of his mind not allowing him to wait till a messenger could be dispatched to him. The Earl had but recently obtained his title from a childless uncle, by whose sudden death the Hon. Mr. Fitzmurry became a peer, and inheritor of a splendid fortune. He was about six-and-thirty years of age, handsome, engaging, and dissipated. One of his earliest attachments had terminated in a way productive of uneasiness to himself, and ruin to a lovely woman, whose subsequent infidelity to her seducer was the only apparent palliation of his fault. Rosa Willington had engaged his affections; and, though a variety of circumstances had prevented his marrying her, her misconduct deeply wounded his feelings; yet he determined to protect her child from the misfortunes and errors of its mother. Ellinore was placed at school, and a liberal education

education bestowed on her. On her removal, she was placed under the care of Mr. Byngley, his Lordship's steward, who was appointed to act as guardian till some plan was fixed for her more advantageous establishment; but while his Lordship's mind was occupied by this important decision, a letter from his steward gave him the distressing information that further trouble would be unncessary, as Miss Fitzmurry had withdrawn herself from his protection, to follow the fortunes of a young profligate adventurer, with whom she had formed a clandestine acquaintance. Stung to the heart by her unworthiness, yet determined to investigate the affair thoroughly, Lord Anglesford hastened to London, where he had but a short time back hoped to embrace a child whom he had never seen since her infancy, but who had never been absent from his heart.

Lord Anglesford found Mr. Byngley at home. "Well, Sir, have you found my daughter?" was his first interrogation. "My Lord, I am *extremely sorry* to say I have not. Here is the advertisement, in which she is offered the forgiveness of her friends if she will return. A week has elapsed, and, to my *inexpressible concern*, no notice has been taken of it." Lord Anglesford sighed, and dropped the subject: he staid looking over some accounts till near ten o'clock, when he thought it time to return to his hotel. Passing the Opera House, he saw the doors opening for a masquerade. I shall sleep none to night, thought he; I may as well divert myself here. He went home, took some soup, for he felt faint and exhausted; Du Frang put some powder in his hair, and again he sallied forth. The room was full, the company gay; but he partook not of their mirth. As he was strolling along listlessly about two o'clock, a tall elegant girl, in a pale blue domino, approached him. His Lordship had taken a few glasses of Burgundy, and was rather in better spirits. The lady placed her hand on his sleeve; her glove was drawn off, and her hand was the most beautiful

tiful he remembered to have seen. "Suppose we retire," said she: "this place fatigues me. I do not wish to abridge your amusement; but if you are not very much fascinated, I wish you would accompany me home." Her voice was melodious, and she spoke with the accent of a well-bred woman. Lord Anglesford pressed her hand gently, and led her to the door. "I believe the number of the coach is two hundred and twenty-three," said she. Lord Anglesford left her a moment, and went to seek it. His search was successful; and, determined to pursue the adventure, he handed her in. "Am I to drive where the gentleman ordered?" asked the coachman. "Certainly," was her answer; and she threw herself back in the coach. Lord Anglesford now began to think he had done wrong. The lady had probably mistaken his person; and has he had only addressed her in a low voice, she might have continued in her error. At all events, he resolved to see where the coach would stop before he undeceived her. Complaining of the heat, she threw off her mask; and, by the accidental light of the lamps they passed, he perceived she was young and beautiful. While Lord Anglesford was lost in conjecture, the coach stopped at the door of a house, the appearance and situation of which completely satisfied his Lordship's scruples; and he immediately broke his long-constrained silence by a hearty laugh at his own stupidity. Roused by his sudden exclamation, the young lady raised her head, and demanded where he had brought her. "Where the coachman was ordered, my dear girl," Lord Anglesford replied. She shrieked.—"Ah, mercy!—A strange voice!—This odd looking house!—Oh, what have I done!—For pity's sake, Sir, take me home."—Lord Anglesford treated this as a trick, and begged her to alight. She burst into tears, exclaiming, "What will become of me!—Who will protect me!—Oh, my dear Mrs. Barlow, why did you let me go to a masquerade." Lord Anglesford endeavored to pacify her. He assured her, that

if

if she was really a virtuous woman, he would not insult her, but would take her wherever she pleased. "Oh then, coachman, pray drive to Mrs. Barlow's in Berner's Street." The man muttered, "The gentleman ordered me to drive here when he got out at the Opera House, and this is as good a home as that." "Oh, pray take me there; pray take me there;" was all she could say. Lord Anglesford insisted on the coachman driving there, though much astonished at the whole affair. The agitation of the lady was too excessive to admit of conversation, or Lord Anglesford would have asked many questions: he therefore contented himself with requesting permission to call on the following day, that they might properly investigate a transaction which had occasioned so much alarm to the young lady, and astonishment to himself. This was accordingly granted; and as the family were retired for the night, he withdrew immediately at the lady's desire, not without ruminating upon the coachman's words, "This house is as good as that." Being questioned by Lord Anglesford, the man declared that it was kept by a woman of bad repute; and Lord Anglesford thought it probable that it might be in his power to save an innocent girl from ruin. Again he imagined her behaviour was but a piece of refined artifice to delude him, and thus bewildered in conjecture, he bent his course to the hotel. It was four o'clock in the morning, the lamps gave but a feeble light; and his Lordship, on alighting, was near falling over a man who was stretched along the steps. Imagining him to be intoxicated, he gave the man a hasty push, when a groan of pain drew his attention. The door of the hotel was soon opened, and the servant in waiting brought forth a light, by the aid of which they discovered that the man was bleeding to death. A pistol lay near him, which led them to conjecture that he had himself perpetrated the horrid act. By the Earl's order, he was brought into the house, and a surgeon sent for, by whose assistance the young man was

was soon restored to sense and motion. He gazed anxiously around. "Where am I? Oh why did you call me back to wretchedness?" Lord Anglesford was affected; for the appearance of the stranger bespoke more than common distress. They offered him some cordial; he waved his hand; "Oh, if you have mercy shew it to my mother! I deserve none: even now she perishes for want. Oh take her a morsel of bread. Oh, save my mother." Lord Anglesford assured him she should be relieved; upon which he took some refreshment, for he seemed really famishing. His dress, though shabby and disordered, was fashionably made, and his person genteel. In reply to Lord Anglesford's enquiries, he informed him, that his mother was a widow in extreme distress; distress which he acknowledged to have brought on her by his own extravagance. Her name, he said, was Annesley; her residence in Wardour Street. When his Lordship had dispatched Du Frang to her with the necessary relief, he proceeded to give the following account of himself.

"My father was a lieutenant in the army: he fell in battle; and the pension allowed by government to an officer's widow was all she had to support herself and two children, of whom I was the eldest. Being the exact resemblance of my father, I was beloved and indulged to the extent of maternal affection. Fatal indulgence! since it has caused our ruin. A second attachment, or, perhaps, the hope of providing better for her children, induced my mother to marry again: but, unhappily, her expectations were not fulfilled. Her second husband died insolvent; her pension was forfeited, and we had no means of subsistence. My mother endeavored to establish a little school; my sister worked at her needle; and I was supported in idle dissipation. It is needless to say that many mean subterfuges were requisite to suport such a life; and my soul revolted at them; but the pride which was in some respect laudable, was in many others injurious to us, since it withheld me from making proper exertions for our

our support. My sister had been educated at school; she had a friend whose beauty had made a deep impression on my heart, Miss Fitzmurry"—"Fitzmurry!" exclaimed Lord Anglesford; but checking himself, in the hope of learning his daughter's fate, he added carelessly, "I once had a friend of that name; he is now Earl of Anglesford." "She is his daughter," said Annesley, sighing, "amiable as lovely." He seemed so much exhausted by the conversation, that Lord Anglesford, in compassion, restrained his own curiosity, and, after two hours repose, from which he derived considerable advantage, he resumed his narrative. *(To be concluded in the next.)*

ORIGIN OF THE BLUE STOCKING CLUB.

THE origin of the Blue Stocking Club is thus related from the respectable authority of Mr. Boswell:

The late Dr. Stillingfleet, a man of extensive literature, and of great facility in the exertion of his powers, was much attached to the company of ladies of the higher class, both in talents and in rank. This gentleman happened to have one outward peculiarity—that of appearing constantly in *blue stockings*—and this was of course much noticed.

It came, at length, to be observed at those houses he visited most frequently, and there was a sort of pressure of company when he was expected; for the communication of his knowledge, and the exercise of his wit, was as acceptable to his hearers as it was easy to himself. When his absence at such a meeting was once lamented, somebody happened to say, "Ah, we can do nothing without the *blue stockings!*" The saying was often repeated; and afterwards, when many of his friends chose to form themselves into a society, this trifling peculiarity of their common tutor was so much remembered, that they could take no other name than that of "*The Blue Stocking Club.*"

FEMALE AUTHORS.

[From Mercier's Paris Delineated.]

OUR women have at every period been emulous of forming the *agremens* of society. Why should not wit pass through a pretty mouth? From hence to the cultivation of letters there is but one step. Conversation turning on books and dramatic pieces, women in the soft lap of leisure have said, Let us make books. If neither painting, music, nor drawing, is prohibited them, why should they not have access to literature? It would be jealousy the most contemptible in man, to retain woman in the degradation of ignorance; from a being gifted by nature with a lively imagination, what right, what *power* has he to wrest the sacred deposit? But man is made up of incongruities, a compound of pride and meanness, of arrogance and littleness; he dreads every appearance of superiority in woman; he would not that she should enjoy more than one half of her being; her modesty he would cherish, or rather her humility; and woman having naturally more wit than man, he distrusts the quickness of her perceptions, he trembles at her penetration, lest she should detect his own weaknesses and vices. No sooner does a woman publish, than she arms against her the greatest part of her own sex, and almost all the other: accustomed to consider woman as the medium of his selfish enjoyments, man prefers her beauty to her wit, which may be enjoyed by every one; he would allow her just as much of mind as is necessary to appreciate, not to emulate his; he would concede to her a certain portion of talents, in order to raise yet higher his own; and he would lavish on her any indefinite sum of admiration, not interfering with the daily tribute exacted, and even extorted, by his own vanity. These narrow sentiments, lurking perhaps in the hearts of all men, awaken with tenfold force in the mass of men; hence the dramatic productions

ductions of women are judged with excessive rigor; one man suffers the lover; this very idea renders the other spectators more severe. Gallantry then presides not at the public tribunal: every man would be the lover, no man the friend; and all men have a secret disposition to depress the woman who aspires to fame. Thus, amidst all the compliments lavished by man on the sex, he dreads the success of a single woman, lest her pride should augment, and with it her contempt of his superiority. Man would absolutely subjugate woman, permitting her celebrity only when announced and confirmed by his voice; he would have her susceptible but of one enchantment, of that which he can exclusively inspire, and he trembles lest the qualities of the heart should acquire coldness in the intoxication of honor and renown. Again, if women applied to science—but no, they chuse light things—delicacies, sentiments, the native graces of imagination, the delineation of our defects—and all this they do without study, without colleges, without academies: they detect the pedant at the third word he utters, and discover wit in him who maintains a judicious silence; for this they cannot obtain pardon from the crowd of vulgar minds, who would claim of woman a perpetual acknowledgment of inferiority; but should we not have lost by being deprived of the writings of the faithful disciple of the unfortunate Abelard? do we not owe gratitude to Laura, the lovely mistress of Petrarch? and are we not gainers by the ingenious Scudéry, the voluptuous Ninon, the learned Christina, the seductive Mancini, the inimitably tender Sevigné, the generous Rambouillet, the sarcastic Sabliére, the luxurious Ville Dieu, the virtuous Chéron, the wise and reflective Lambert, the amusing Aulnoy, the indefatigable Dacier, the modest Bernard, the sprightly Louvencourt, the scientific Lussan, the amiable Stael, and the immortal Deshoulieres? Is not our literature enriched by the letters on Italy of Madame du Boccage; the romances of Madame Ricoboni, of

which the style is so pure; the works of Madame Sillery, whose every page teems with instruction; the original compositions of the Countess de Beauharnais, in which wit, sentiment, and the knowledge of mankind are so happily blended? Must we not admire the bold historic pencil of Mademoiselle Keralio, the elegant imitations of the Baronne de Vase and of Mademoiselle Wouters her sister? Have we not read with delight the verses of Madame d'Antremont, of Laurencin, of Mademoiselle Gaudin? Madame Benoit, Madame d'Aubanton, Madame Monney, Madame d'Ormoy, Madame de Gouges, (who is solely indebted to nature,) have given us works abounding in imagination, delicacy, and faithful pictures of our manners. If some luxury is necessary to society, what luxury can be more delightful than the works of a sex whose inmost sentiments and ideas we love to penetrate, and whose minds are probably developed with more freedom in their writings than in their looks or words?

ANECDOTES of CELEBRATED and ECCENTRIC FEMALE CHARACTERS.

Mary Fisher,

A QUAKER, of the last century, was so anxious to promote the tenets of her religion, that she took it in her head to go to Constantinople, in order to convert the Grand Seignior. On her arrival at Smyrna, the English consul sent her to Venice. From thence she travelled to Constantinople, all the way by land, and actually appeared before the Sultan Mahomet IV. who patiently attended to her expostulation, and then caused her to be conveyed back to her own country, where she married a preacher of her own sect. This couple afterwards went as missionaries into Languedoc, to preach the tenets of Quakerism among the Protestants of that province.

Godiva,

GODIVA,

A lady celebrated for an uncommon instance of generosity, was the wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, in the reign of Edward the Confessor. Having an extraordinary regard for Coventry, she solicited her husband to exempt that city from a heavy toll. To this he evasively consented, on condition that she would ride naked through the streets of Coventry; which she submitted to, covering her person, as well as she could, with her hair. She also commanded, on pain of death, all persons to keep within doors, and from the windows. It is said, however, that a taylor had the curiosity to peep out of his window, and that he was struck blind for his impertinent temerity. It is certain, however, that the figure of a man appears in a window of the High street to this day. The portraits of Leofric and Godiva are to be seen in one of the windows of Trinity-church; and on the Friday after Trinity Sunday, there is annually a procession through the town, with a figure representing a naked woman on horseback.

ANNA MARIA SCHURMAN,

A learned and accomplished lady, and the prodigy of her sex, was born at Cologne, of a Protestant family, in 1607. In her infancy she manifested an extraordinary genius for the sciences of music, painting, sculpture, and engraving. Her hand-writing, in all languages, was inimitable; specimens of which are preserved by some curious persons in their cabinets. The powers of her understanding were not inferior to those of her hand; for at a very early age, the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages became so familiar to her, that she not only wrote, but spoke them in a manner which surprized the learned. She also made great progress in the Syriac, Chaldee, Arabic, and Ethiopic; understood readily, and spoke fluently, the French, English, and Italian; and was competently versed in geogra-

phy, astronomy, philosophy, and the sciences. Her fame was so established, that persons of the first rank, and even princesses, paid her visits. Cardinal Richelieu also showed her particular marks of his esteem. Her mother would have kept her merit in obscurity, if Rivetus Spanheim and Vossius had not brought her forward on the theatre of the world. About 1650 she made a visible change in her religious system, and fell into the errors of Labadie, a French enthusiast, who had been banished France for his extravagant tenets and conduct. She accompanied this man wherever he went; and resided some time with him at Altona, where he died in 1674. She then went to Wiewart, in Friezland, where Penn the Quaker visited her in 1677. She died there in 1678.

THE CHARACTER OF A TRUE FRIEND.

BY DR. ENFIELD.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of distress? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or censuring you behind your back? Will he dare to stand forth in your defence, when detraction is secretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the same cordiality, and behave to you with the same friendly attention, in the company of your superiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with those of friendship? If misfortune and losses should oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the same distinction, or entertain your friends with the same liberality as formerly, will he still think himself happy in your society, and, instead of gradually withdrawing himself from an unprofitable connection, take pleasure in professing himself your friend, and cheerfully assist you to support the burden of your

your afflictions? When sickness shall call you to retire from the gay and busy scenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, listen with attention to your "tale of symptoms," and minister the balm of consolation to your fainting spirit? And lastly, when death shall burst asunder every earthly tie, will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendship in his heart, as a treasure never to be resigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion—your flatterer—your seducer—but, depend upon it, he is not your friend.

IDLENESS AND IRRESOLUTION,

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

HORACE, a celebrated Roman poet, relates, that a countryman, who wanted to pass a river, stood loitering on the banks of it, in the foolish expectation that a current so rapid would soon discharge its waters. But the stream still flowed; increased, perhaps, by fresh torrents from the mountains; and it must for ever flow, because the sources from which it is derived are inexhaustible. Thus the *idle* and *irresolute youth* trifles over his books, or wastes in play his precious moments; deferring the task of improvement, which at first is easy to be accomplished, but which will become more and more difficult the longer it is neglected.

AFFECTION TO PARENTS.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

AN amiable youth was lamenting, in terms of the sincerest grief, the death of a most affectionate parent. His companion endeavored to console him by the reflection, that he had always behaved with duty, tenderness, and respect. So I thought, replied the youth, whilst my parent was living: but now I recollect, with pain and sorrow, many instances of disobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement.

ON

ON THE FORESIGHT OF SPIDERS.

WE have proofs in abundance of the limited faculties, and misplaced and misdirected passions of man; but, perhaps, as strong a proof as possible of both of these, is afforded by that obnoxious insect, the *spider*.

Can any thing more strongly evince the intellectual weakness of the animal called man, than the signs of fear, the starts, the shudderings which he sometimes manifests at the appearance of a spider? How many of us shrink at the mere imagination or description of a spider crawling on our bare shoulder or cheek! And yet, what is a spider? So light that its weight is not felt; so frail, that we often crush it into atoms without knowing what we have done. Wholly inoffensive; a mere *spectrum:* as to its mischief-making, and resisting power, it is nothing. A spider is, to a man, in *volume* and force, less than a mole to the elephant, than the elephant to Teneriffe.

As we fear, so likewise we hate it. We fly from it; we turn away our eyes; or gratify our spite by remorselessly mangling and exterminating it. To our fear, we add abhorrence; to our abhorrence, contempt; to our contempt, cruelty. Caligula killing flies, and Carrier killing Poictevans, give but too strong evidence of partaking in a common nature. The principle in each is—what? Surely not justice or compassion.

As we fear a spider, though harmless, we despise or neglect it, though wonderful in structure, and far surpassing us in sagacity. Man, with all his art, can never build his house with so much wisdom as the *ant*, prepare his food with so much skill as the *bee*, or provide himself with cloathing, and with the means of passing through fluids specifically lighter than himself, with so much expedition and success as the *spider*.

I have seen spiders descend from the ceiling of an hall thirty feet high, to the floor, occasionally stop

or

or linger by the way, and finally return, by means of a thread, safer to him than a bridge of marble to a man, drawn instantaneously, without seeming labour or pain, from his own substance. Materials for a bridge must be collected, by hundreds of concurring men, from the substances around and without us; but the spider has no need to go beyond himself: his materials are within him, and perpetually renewed; his purpose is effected by new modifying, as it were, by the exertion merely of his will, *his own substance.* He prolongs himself, he stretches himself forward, so to speak, and to an extent more than *eighteen hundred-fold* greater than his own customary length; that is, he traverses a space as great, relatively to his bulk, as *two miles* would be to a human being.

How shall a man pass through the air from the summit of Etna to the surface of the sea? In a balloon. How must he descend, safely, eighteen hundred fathoms into the caves of the ocean? In a diving-bell. But what is balloon or diving-bell to the conveyance of the spider through a space *relatively* equal?

The reasoning or instinctive foresight of the spider is not less admirable. His house and domain in which he dwells, and over which he expatiates, are, in like manner, parts of himself, wrought into length and breadth, without pain, and with only temporary diminution of his substance. Not only the length, but the thickness and consequent strength of his cords, are accurately adjusted to present circumstances and to future. This fabric must be strong in proportion to the quantity of moisture and of motion in the air about him; but this quantity is variable, and his fabric is designed to last during periods when many successive changes may, in this respect, take place.

Hence the spider, in preparing his web, always ascertains the kind of weather that will prevail for the ten or twelve ensuing days. If he foresees (and his foresight is unerring) much wind or wet, he weaves his roof thicker and shorter accordingly. If he prognosti-

cates a continuance of clear and still skies, he lengthens and *attenuates* without scruple. This knowledge of the future is obtained by some faculty or sense peculiar to himself. Man, on the contrary, must obtain this knowledge by means arduous, complicated, and uncertain. His only reliance, hitherto, has been experience, which is vague, and the barometer, which only predicts the weather for the next twenty-four hours. A very small part of mankind employs the barometer; and that is not the class to whom such knowledge is of most use. The shepherd and the husbandman know as little of barometrical prognostics, as they do of the spider's foresight in this particular.

But though we cannot hope to vie with the wisdom of the spider, it is certainly practicable and wise to profit by the information which he gives. By attending to his measures, by marking the size of his threads, we shall, at least, know his opinion of the weather; and thus be guided, in many instances, where a guide is of great importance.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

THE season commenced at this theatre on Thursday, September 16th, with *The Inconstant*, and, *Of Age To-morrow*, and a very numerous audience attended the excellent performance of MRS. JORDAN in *Bisarre*. She was greeted on her entrance with enthusiastic acclamation, and displayed all that versatility and original humour that have raised her in this line to the summit of the art.

Although the theatre has lost, for a few months, the talents and judgment of MR. KEMBLE, who is still at Paris, it is, we understand, to be conducted with great spirit. The whole of the direction is to be confided to a committee of five gentlemen of acknowledged

ledged abilities in the dramatic department, and several important improvements and regulations have been already carried into effect, and several new engagements been made. Among the latter, those who take the lead are, MR. CHERRY, a comic actor of genuine humor, and MR. COLLINS from the Southampton Company.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Theatre commenced its season on Monday, September 13th, with *Folly As It Flies*, and the musical romance of *Rosina*.

Among the performers who enjoyed the greatest portion of public congratulation on their appearance were, Mr. LEWIS, MUNDEN, KNIGHT, H. JOHNSON, FAWCETT, TOWNSEND, and HILL.

In the front of the Theatre several judicious alterations and improvements have been made, which contribute greatly to the elegance and lightness of the general effect. The two principal tiers of boxes on the stage are now embellished with silver instead of gold ornaments. The lattice work in the PRINCE'S box, after this mode, is happily contrived, and ingeniously executed; while the bases of the pillars supporting the frontispiece are contracted so as to give more breadth to the stage, and more expansion and grandeur to the *coup d'œil*. Some neat improvements have also been made in the box and suit of apartments appropriated to their MAJESTIES.

Of the new engagements made by MR. HARRIS, are MISS WADDY, the daughter of the respectable comedian of this house; MISS REEVES, the daughter of Mr. REEVES, the composer; and Miss MARRIOTT, who has for some time been a great favorite on the boards of some of our provincial theatres.

Among the new pieces which are forthcoming at this Theatre are, *The Egyptian Boy*, a Drama, by MRS. INCHBALD, founded, like MR. BOADEN'S last successful piece, on the judgment of Solomon; a comedy,

medy, by MR. REYNOLDS; a grand pantomine, which is already in actual preparation; and a comic opera, the composition of MR. DIBDIN, jun. in which the science and taste of BRAHAM and STORACE are again to be brought forward, and strengthened, we trust, by the manly and melodious strains of INCLEDON.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

The Invisible Girl.

This curious optical illusion is exhibited infinitely superior to the speaking busts which once made so much bustle in the world. The voice of a girl proceeds from the centre of a balloon, which is entirely unconnected by cord, or otherwise with any thing by which sound can be conveyed. It rests with its edges on a bason, and can be lifted up at pleasure. The Invisible Girl answers any questions, holds dialogues, sings songs, describes the dress, &c. of every person in company; and, to be brief, seems possessed of the wonderful faculty of penetrating into our thoughts. The design is not new, it has been a favorite for some time on the Continent, but the proprietor of the Lyceum seems determined, by transplantation, to surpass the original.

School of Arts.

NO. XLV.

METHOD OF REMOVING SPOTS OF GREASE FROM BOOKS AND PRINTS.

A TASTE for elegant editions, books in good preservation, and proof impressions of prints, can be considered as a mania only by those who are unacquainted with literature. In a well printed, carefully preserved, and neat book, the sense seems to pass through

through the organs of sight, in order to meet the understanding; while, in a bad, confused edition, or a dirty, stained and disgusting copy, the confusion of the characters deranges, as it were, the connection of the author's thoughts; their obscurity divests ideas of their brilliancy; and the dirtiness of the paper, which offends the eye, makes the subject lose much of its charms and attraction. It is a great misfortune, therefore, to those who purchase books for the sake of reading them, when the objects of their enjoyment are injured by the too close application of a candle or lamp. For this reason M Deschamps, at the request of a man of letters, to whom an accident of this kind had happened, devised the following process, which was attended with complete success.

After having gently warmed the paper stained with grease, wax, oil, or any fat body whatever, take out as much as possible of it, by means of blotting-paper; then dip a small brush in the essential oil of well rectified spirit of turpentine, heated almost to ebullition, (for when cold it acts only very weakly,) and draw it gently over both sides of the paper, which must be carefully kept warm. This operation must be repeated as many times as the quantity of the fat body imbibed by the paper, or the thickness of the paper, may render necessary. When the greasy substance is entirely removed, recourse may be had to the following method, to restore the paper to its former whiteness, which is not completely restored by the first process. Dip another brush in highly rectified spirit of wine, and draw it, in like manner, over the place which was stained, and particularly round the edges, to remove the border, that would still present a stain. By employing these means, with proper caution, the spot will totally disappear; the paper will resume its original whiteness; and if the process has been employed on a part written on with common ink, or printed with printer's ink, it will experience no alteration.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A hat of blue satin, with a white lace veil. A black lace spencer over a plain white muslin dress. Black shoes; brown tan gloves.

2. A pink satin Parisian bonnet, with pink ostrich feathers. A short pelice of pink muslin. A plain dress with a shirt handkerchief, gloves grey, and shoes scarlet.

FULL DRESSES.

3. A turban of pink crape, with a bandeau of white satin, and ostrich feathers, tipped with pink. An upper robe of white lace, ornamented with gold; the sleeves hanging loose, and the breasts fastened with gold clasps. The dress pink sarcenet, the gloves and shoes white. A gold filagree necklace, and gold earrings.

4. The head-dress, bandeau, and bows, of blue ribbon. The dress yellow muslin, with a lace ruff on the neck. A drapery of lilac crape, fastened with blue ribbon, and hanging loose from the shoulder behind, with a border of blue embroidered. The shoes blue.

1 2

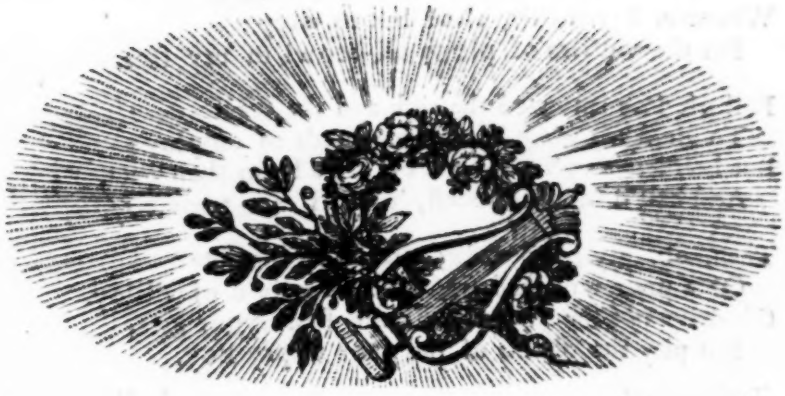
Morning Dress for Oct.r 1802.

Wirgman. Dress Maker. Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

3 4

Afternoon Dress for Oct.r 1802.

Keep, Milliner, Pall Mall.



The Apollonian Wreath.

THE GIPSY BOY.

A BALLAD.

OH, lady, good lady, pray pity the fate
Of a poor wretched wand'rer, depriv'd of all joy;
Oh list his sad plaints as he begs at your gate;
But, oh! your dog howls at the poor Gipsy Boy.

Cease, cease, cruel dog, I your pity implore;
'Tis my rags, I perceive, your slumbers annoy:
But can't I be honest, good dog, tho' I'm poor?
Oh yes: I ne'er rob, tho' a motherless boy.

This coat, do but view it, so tatter'd and worn,
Two winters have shielded from rain and from snow:
Tho' my poor naked feet are quite harden'd to horn,
Yet my bosom can feel the full weight of my woe.

How hard is my fate when the ev'ning appears!
For, alas! I've no cov'ring to shelter my head:
Then under some hay-stack I stifle my tears,
Till falling in slumber, I sink on my bed.

Ten full moons have shone since my good mother died,
Left me with my father to traverse the plain:
But he, cruel man, ne'er my cravings supplied,
But left me one morning asleep in a lane.

In vain have I wander'd o'er common and steep,
And never been able his footsteps to trace.
Wherever I reſt, 'tis, alas! but to weep;
For the vot'ries of plenty all ſcowl in my face.

Full oft I've entreated the rich and the great
To yield me ſome labour my hands to employ;
But heedleſs they've bid me be gone from their gate,
And call'd me diſhoneſt, 'cauſe I'm a poor boy.

Then, oh, my good lady, pray pity the fate
Of a poor wretched wand'rer, depriv'd of all joy.
Oh drive not the motherleſs child from your gate,
But pity the plaints of the poor Gipsy Boy.

Tooley-Street, I. W. SMITH.
September 4, 1802.

AN ACROSTIC ON A YOUNG LADY

WHO DIED AT CRANBROOK IN KENT.

A las! our days how ſhort and ſwift their flow!
N ot one can paſs unmix'd with *care* or *woe;*
N or youth nor innocence from *theſe* can ſave;
A ll feel their weight as ſinking in the grave.
M uch lov'd while here, lamented in her death,
A nother lovely victim yields her breath:
R eleas'd from earth, her ſoul exiſts above,
I n heavenly realms of liberty and love:
A ngels ſurround her at the throne of grace,
W hile kindred ſpirits hail her to her place.
I n vain her death our mournful hearts deplore;
L oſt to our earth, *Maria* is no more!
M ay friends and parents, with ſurrounding youth,
S trong comfort draw from ev'ry painful truth,
H ow uſeleſs are the tears for her we ſhed,
U nleſs our feet her pious footſteps tread!
R emember this, ye young and healthy fair,
S he once, like you, could ev'ry tranſport ſhare;
T ake timely warning, and for death prepare.

Cranbrook, LECTOR.
September 10, 1802.

SONNET

SONNET

TO SYMPATHY.

AH why is heav'd that mournful sigh?
Why starts so oft the pearly tear?
Thine is the claim, sweet Sympathy;
Thou soft partaker of our care.

E'en as the woods concordant mourn
When Philomela pours her strain,
Just so canst thou our sighs return
In grateful echoes to our pain.

Or as the morning's golden ray
Dispels the filmy clouds to light,
So thou canst cheer the mind to day,
And lock our cares in tenfold night.
Here then, sweet Sympathy, thy pow'r bestow,
And mould this heart to feel another's woe.

Tooley-Street,
September 4, 1802.

I. W. SMITH.

*ON HEARING MISS MARY ANNE E**** SING AND PLAY ON THE PIANO FORTE.*

THOU bud of early promise, may the rose
Which time, methinks, will rear in envied bloom,
By friendship nurs'd, its grateful sweets disclose,
Nor e'er be nipt in life's disast'rous gloom.

For much thou ow'st to him whose studious mind
Rear'd thy young years, and all thy wants supplied;
Whose every precept breath'd affection kind,
And to the friend's, a father's love allied.

Oh! how 'twill glad him in life's evening day,
To see that mind, parental care adorn'd,
With thankful notes the debt immense repay,
And realize each hope affection form'd.
The deed be thine—'twill many a care assuage,
Exalt thy worth, and blunt the thorns of age.

T. G.

SONNET TO LYDIA

ON HER BIRTH DAY, 31st JULY, 1802.

BLEST be the hour that gave my Lydia birth,
The day be sacred 'mid each varying year:
How oft the name recalls thy spotless worth,
And joys departed, still to mem'ry dear!

If matchless friendship, constancy, and love,
Have power to charm, or one sad grief beguile,
'Tis thine the gloom of sorrow to remove,
And on the tearful cheek imprint a smile.

May every after season to thee bring
New joys, to cheer life's dark eventful way,
'Till Time shall close thee in his pond'rous wing,
And angels waft thee to eternal day!
Lov'd maid, farewell! thy name this heart shall fill
'Till mem'ry sinks, and all its griefs are still!

T. G.

SONNET TO THE FATES.

YE Fates! who sternly point on Sorrow's chart
The line of pain a wretch muſt still pursue,
To end the struggles of a bleeding heart,
And grace the triumph Mis'ry owes to you;

Ah, stop your course: too long I've felt your chain,
Too long the feeble influence of its power:
The heir of grief may fall in love with pain,
And worſt misfortune find the tranquil hour.

How poor your power!—where Fortitude serene,
But smiling views the glimm'ring taper shine.
Time soon ſhall dim, and close th' wearied scene,
Bestowing solace e'en on woes like mine.
Hail, Fortitude! blest friend life's ills to brave,
All misery boasts shall wither in the grave!

T. G.

ON

ON A LADY'S PICTURE DRAWN IN INFANCY.

SO smil'd her infant innocence—
Painter, how wisely chose thy time!
To paint the maid this represents
Would pose thee now she's in her prime.

True, thou canst shew in that sweet face
The lily and the rose combin'd;
The features, form, and mien express;
But, artist, canst thou paint the mind?

Canst thou blend ease with dignity?
With gentle meekness, lively spirits?
With graceful freedom, modesty?
With knowledge, ignorance of merits?

Canst thou paint Friendship's generous flame?
And Charity's oft swelling sigh?
And Candor, still averse to blame?
And Pity, with the glift'ning eye?

Canst thou paint Love as kindly warm
As ever glow'd at twenty-three?
Of purity, in all the charm
As when the infant sat to thee?

These are the charms, the graces these,
Which baffle all thy boasted art,
But which enraptured Damon sees
Well painted in his faithful heart.

By knowledge and esteem portray'd,
These features deeply are impress'd,
In colors that will never fade
While that heart beats in Damon's breast.

Occasioned by Walking in Kensington Gardens.

ADDRESSED TO THE POLITE PART OF THE MALE CREATION.

I SHOULD thank you to tell me the reason, my friend,
Why keepers at these garden-gates thus attend—
Says Bob, who's just caught, but's a sly country lout!
I answer'd, To keep the *canine species out.*
They perform ill their office, (cries Bob with a grin.)
For though *dogs* they *exclude*, yet they let *puppies in.*

London, August 22, 1802. T. A. W.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN DUNCOMBE PARK, YORKSHIRE.

YET, gentle shades, where health with smiles serene,
Gilds ev'ry shrub, and brightens ev'ry flower;
Where young Delight and Fancy trip the green,
And sweet Peace slumbers in the myrtle bower;

Yet droops my soul as thro' the wilds I rove,
Yet does my sad Muse breathe her notes in pain,
Since Love, the genius of the rural grove,
Here with sweet Nature holds united reign.

'Tis Love alone's yon linnet's tuneful theme,
Love whispers thro' the grove in ev'ry gale;
And the *soft* NAIAD of the winding stream,
With Love's soft murmurs fills the list'ning vale.

From Love alone our highest transports flow,
And all the ills which human bliss destroy.
Who then shall paint, or who conceive my woe,
When all its pangs are mine, without the joy?

I ask'd not length of days, nor letter'd fame—
Nor wealth, nor high command, nor titled pride;
No anxious wish my youthful heart could frame,
But prosperous Love—and that has Fate denied.

Why didst thou then, relentless Nature, say,
Into my soul thy softest flame inspire,
And form my tender heart a destin'd prey
To fond affection, and to fierce desire!

DELIA *I lov'd*—But ah! too soon I found
Superior wealth her feeble soul could move;
Nor scorn'd the nymph (still bleeds the recent wound)
To pierce the soul of Honor, and of Love.

Those lips, on which I seal'd my rapturous vow,
Those perjur'd lips have age and avarice press'd;
That breast which seem'd with faithful love to glow,
A feeble dotard clasps that treach'rous breast.

Far o'er the distant hills I bore my woe,
Nor to a mortal ear my grief confess'd:
In *Cambria*'s *woods* I bade my sorrows flow,
And on her wild rocks beat my lab'ring breast.

" Yet, DELIA, yet, (I cried,) thou ne'er shalt hear
" That my fond heart for Thee could heave a sigh;
" Ne'er shalt thou know that one unworthy tear,
" One drop of weakness, trickled from my eye.

" With martial honors shall my brow be crown'd,
" Ambition from thy chains my soul shall free;
" My heart shall dance but at the trumpet's sound,
" Nor ever waste a thought on Love, or Thee!

" The glitt'ring sabre on my side I hung,
" My fiery steed in warlike pride I drest;
" To themes of war the tender lyre I strung,
" And doom'd fond Love an exile from my breast."

Yet still reluctant bursts the sigh profound,
Yet streams the tender tear in DUNCOMBE'S GROVE,
That DELIA'S lovely hand could bear to wound
The soul of TRUTH, of HONOR, and of LOVE!

THE WANDERER.

EPITAPH

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

BENEATH this little heap, this senseless stone,
In peaceful sleep, to living guilt unknown,
Rests the last relics of a heavenly form,
That once had power the coldest breast to warm.
Scarce twenty years the planetary Earth
Round the bright Sun in journies mark'd her birth;
Yet judgment, lively sense, and prudence, join'd
With innate goodness, long possest her mind.
By conscious beauty kept from envy free,
Another's merit she would joy to see.
Thus fair and innocent, she left the stage,
A pattern, e'en in death, to riper age.
Mourn, sister Graces, for your charge is fled;
Your once best hope, the lovely *Fanny*'s dead.
No more the blushing rose can paint her cheek,
No more the lively eye her thoughts can speak;
Or when to others' woe she lent an ear,
Drop from each beauteous orb the pearly tear:
Mute is that voice whose sweet persuasive sound
From every hearer strict attention found:

Her pure, her virgin heart no more can beat;
For cold the breast that Virtue made its seat.
O! ye, who knew her worth, who knew her well,
To every thoughtless fair her story tell:
Tell them, that Death, grown wanton with his power,
Cropt from the parent tree this blooming flower;
Tell them, her youth, her beauty, could not save;
Nor could your friendship shield her from the grave.
But weep no more, too selfish the concern;
'Tis not for her, but for yourselves, ye mourn.
To happier regions is the spirit fled,
Nor ought of her but mould'ring clay is dead;
In Heaven she lives, where you will one day meet,
And joy eternal make your bliss complete.

EPIGRAM,

Written by MARY, *Queen of Scots, to her Coufin* ELIZABETH, *Queen of England, with a large Diamond, cut in the form of a* HEART.

THIS *Gem* behold, the emblem of *my* heart,
Whence my dear cousin's image ne'er shall part;
Clear in its lustre, spotless does it shine;
As *clear*, as *spotless*, is this heart of mine:
Harder, indeed, is this fair stone you see;
But *firmer*'s that it represents to thee.

DESPAIR.

WELCOME, ye groves, whose solemn scenes inspire
Sad mournful thoughts, that suit my woeful ſtate:
No cheerful landscape does my soul desire,
But shades that wear the colour of my fate.

No more among my friends, with joyous air,
I tune the song to pleaſing notes of love;
No more I tend the footsteps of my fair,
Nor in the dance with sprightly pleasure move.

Fair Delia's scorn destroys my wonted reſt;
On me she frowns; but on Alexis smiles.
Welcome, Despair!—no more this frantic breast
Muſt feel the bliss of Love's delightful toils;
No more my lips must to her lips be press'd,
In union sweet, that ev'ry care beguiles.

SONNET

SONNET
TO LAURA.

HOW sweet to roam abroad, when Twilight grey
O'er the dark fields her dusky mantle throws,
When's shut the woodbine and wildbriar rose,
At the departure of the sinking day!

Now, my lov'd *Laura*, let us pensive stray,
And watch the silent-footed evening close
Her dew-dropt train.—But, hark! what wild note flows
At this still hour from yonder gloomy spray?

'Tis the lorn nightingale's enamour'd air,
That darkling aye begins her wilder'd art,
When to their mossy-woven beds repair
The gay-plum'd gaudy tribes. Here we'll abide,
Here pause awhile, and drink with raptur'd ear
The thrilling sounds—and bid vain Care subside.

SONNET,
ADDRESSED TO A LONELY STREAM.

BRIGHT stream! companion of my peaceful hours!
What though obscure thy silent waters flow,
Still round their parent crowd the filial flow'rs,
And deck with vernal sweets thy placid brow.

Tho' yon wide river rolls impetuous down,
And feeds a thousand vales! a thousand meads!
Tho' in its waves shines many a spiry town,
A turbid foulness on its bosom breeds.

But unpolluted, clear, thy waters run;
Their tuneful murmurs soothe the pensive ear;
Who vulgar haunts ambitiously shall shun,
While thy lone banks the gentle mind shall cheer.

And haply here, amid the museful throng,
Some Bard shall make thee flow—in an immortal song.

E M M A.
AN ELEGY.

TREMBLING, I tun'd the lyre, and eager strove
To calm the woes that rack'd my troubled breast:
Adown my cheek still ran the tear of love,
Still dull-ey'd Care depriv'd my soul of rest!

For,

For, ah! the once fair nymph, now pale and wan,
Moulders, in yonder tomb embosom'd deep!
Emma, the once admired Emma's gone,
Is lost, deep-buried in Oblivion's sleep!

The lily, faireſt flower of the field,
The rose, deep blushing at the dawn of light,
Did ne'er like thee, my Emma, odours yield,
To charm the sense, or gratify the sight.

Oft have I seen thee list to stranger grief,
While Pity's dew-drop down thy cheek would steal.
When Sorrow ask'd, 'twas thine t' impart relief,
And soothe its anguish with a kindred zeal.

For me, to heal the wounds thy fate has made,
Fresh cypress daily o'er thy turf I'll heave;
I'll seek the church-yard drear, at ev'ning's shade,
And bend me, Emma, to thy hallow'd grave.

If chance some thorn should banter thy retreat,
Or nettle spring near Emma's lowly bed,
I'll tear the wayward spoiler from its seat,
And plant the weeping willow in its stead.

EDWARD.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

TO MIRA.

BEHOLD yon charming flow'r, my fair;
Mira may find a moral there;
Expanding to the orb of day,
As if enamour'd of its ray;
It lives but in the sunny glow,
And nourish'd thence the blossoms blow.
Thus, Mira, of thy kindness born,
Love seem'd *a rose* without a thorn;
Delighted in my breast it grew,
Owing each vermeil tint to you;
My heart confess'd thy genial pow'r,
Thy smile like sunshine to the flow'r:
But see how fades the flow'r away,
With the least tinge of parting day
Its glossy colour instant flies,
Extinct are all its thousand dies.
Thus, Mira, thy diminish'd pow'r
Still bears allusion to the flow'r:
Tho' Love's soft gales were in thy sighs,
And all his sunshine in thine eyes,

That

That *love withdrawn* which once possest,
And reign'd th' enthusiast of my breast,
Farewell to all that gave it birth;
And like the sun remov'd from earth,
No more I own thy beauty's pow'r,
For thou hast kill'd the *Passion Flower.*

THE ROSE.

TO A LADY.

SEE, my DELIA, gay and blooming
Now appears yon lovely rose;
Ev'ry vernal breeze perfuming,
Zephyr o'er it gently blows:

Age you'll find hath charms unfading,
If your youth you will employ;
Time nor ought their strength pervading,
Ever yielding solid joy.

X.

A NOSEGAY.

THE violet is modesty,
For it conceals itself;
The rose is likewise modesty,
Though it reveals itself;
For it a blush betrays.

The jasmin shews us innocence,
So chaste and pure its hue;
The hyacinth, sweet diffidence,
Which bends to shun our view;
'Tis fancy thus pourtrays.

The honeysuckle, sympathy,
Distilling dewy tears;
The passion-flower, brevity;
Scarce blown, it disappears.

The tulip is variety,
That changes with the hour;
The primrose is simplicity,
And Flora's favorite flower.

Thus in each plant some lesson we may find,
Which serves t'improve while it corrects the mind;
And flowers and weeds are an exhaustless store
Of pleasure, profit, and intrinsic—lore.
In short, each object to a grateful heart,
However humble, must delight impart.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Dot-age.

NEW CHARADES.

MY First, dear Amanda, I find
Possesses each nerve of my heart,
Whenever the Fates are unkind,
And from you I am destin'd to part.

My Second's the gift of a fair
To him who was dear to her eyes,
Yet prov'd the conveyer of care,
Engendering sorrows and sighs!

The whole to my fair I present
As a mark of regard and esteem;
Yet the gift had not surely been sent,
If with any distress it could teem.

CHARADE II.

My First is a compound of fire and of earth;
My Second's a medley of sweets:
From flour, eggs, and milk, my whole has its birth,
And makes part of most juvenile feasts.

Correspondence, &c.

The Letter from a "Repentant Father" *came too late for insertion.*

Edwin's *Communications will be esteemed a Favor.*

Miss Gunning.

Published by Vernor & Hood, Poultry, Nov.r 1, 1802.